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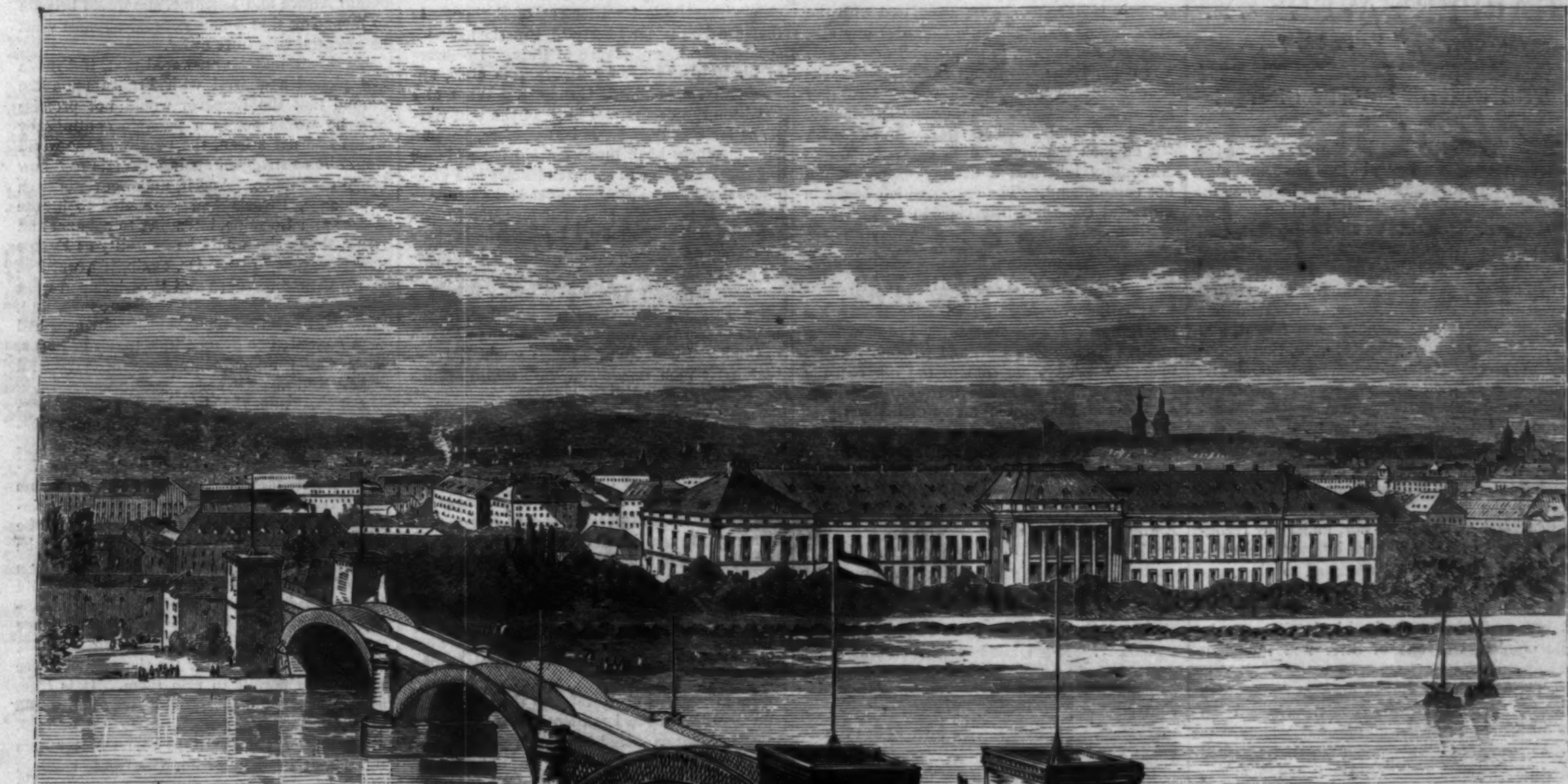
COBLENTZ.

On a triangular point of land, at the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle, opposite the strong-hold of Ehrenbreitstein, lies the picturesque old town of Coblentz, or Koblenz, as its name is generally given on German maps. It is surrounded by powerful fortifications, and is connected with the fortress, on the right bank of the Rhine, by a bridge of boats. The railroad from Mayence to Cologne, on the left bank of the Rhine, crosses the Moselle on the massive bridge shown in our illustration. By means of this road, which runs entirely in German territory, troops can be massed with great rapidity at any point along the frontier where their services might be wanted. Usually Coblentz is a quiet town, with very little business; but now, with trains of soldiers constantly passing through, and all the bustle and excitement caused by the preparation for the great conflict, it must present a very lively appearance. The large building shown in our illustration was formerly the palace of the Bishop of Trèves, by whom it was built in 1778. It has been fitted up by the King of Prussia for a summer residence.

THE LONG BRANCH RACES.

On page 521 we give an engraving of the Hurdle Race which opened the first season at Monmouth Park, Long Branch, on the 30th ult. Our sketch includes a view of the Grand Stand in the centre of the Park, which is capable of seating 7000 persons. It is 450 feet long by 30 feet wide. Three Mansard pavilions, capable of accommodating 250 persons, rise above the steep French roof, and both the latter and the former are encased in variegated slates, laid in fantastic designs, so that the structure reminds one in no degree of the cheap and flimsy frame edifices generally erected on race-courses. The front of this structure is entirely open, so that from every seat the whole extent of the track is distinctly visible. The pagoda, music platform, pool-stand, stables, and all other buildings appertaining to a race-ground, have been built after very light and tasteful designs, and they can all be seen from the Grand Stand.

Near the Grand Stand is a pleasant old farmhouse, which, with excellent judgment, has been permitted to remain undisturbed, and forms an agreeable feature in the landscape. A little



THE CITY OF COBLENTZ.

stream which ran back of this farm-house has been widened into a meadow lake, with an area of about twenty-five acres. The Park gates are elaborately ornamented with appropriate designs. The track, exactly a mile in length, is a parallelogram with semicircled ends, and has the advantage of long straight sides and broad turns. It is eighty feet wide, well graded, and the soil is so hard that the heaviest rain has but little effect upon it. Taken altogether, Monmouth Park is certainly one of the finest race-courses in the United States.

TWO.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

All in the deep and dewless dark
They watched the young moon's tender spark
Go down between the hills, and said,
The world is dark, and love is dead.

Two lovers in the star-lit gloom—
The land below in dreaming bloom,
The laden south wind blowing past,
Sweet with the rose it rifled last—

The rustling branches bowing down
Around them in a leafy crown,
A hidden bird, beside his nest,
Pouring the rapture of his breast—

Afar the peaceful river's flight,
Taking that burden of delight
Beneath the moving mystery
And dusky splendor of the sky—

Two lovers in that summer weather
Watching the lustre fade together,
All lavish joy around them shed,
Yet life was dark, for love was dead.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, August 13, 1870.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE WAR.

WHATEVER may be the chances of the war, whatever "glorious victories" may be won, its guilty author must not be forgotten. No success, however splendid, and no reverse, however signal, should be allowed to hide him. The public opinion of England and America lays the responsibility of all the causeless and cruel suffering inseparable from such a contest upon the Emperor of France. It is doubtless in response to this terrible arraignment, and from a secret consciousness of guilt, that he has caused profuse explanatory declarations to be issued. But they have not been skillfully drawn, and have failed to arouse the sympathy and approval of intelligent neutrals any where. The pretexts originally advanced by the Emperor were puerile, as we showed last week. His embassador was certainly not insulted by receiving the slight of which his conduct was the intentional solicitation; nor, under any recognized or practicable code of international comity, is one government expected to obey, unforced, the dictation of another. The feeling with which, under the circumstances, the declaration of war was received by intelligent public opinion, was one of utter and indignant amazement.

The French Minister of Foreign Affairs then made a declaration to the Senate. He said that France had advanced no other grievance than the Hohenzollern candidacy; that this had been withdrawn, and that France had then, "in moderate terms," made "the moderate demand" that "the King should give a promise for the future." But, as the epithet "moderate" is no argument, the case was not improved. Then came the Minister's circular to the French agents. In this he declared that Prussia threatened the balance of power, and that France had taken up its defense. That is to say, the refusal of Prussia to promise that it would not prevent any Hohenzollern from becoming King of Spain, disturbed the balance of power. This preposterous assertion was followed by the Emperor's proclamation, which is unmeaning except in its charge against Prussia of arousing distrust in Europe.

The real accusation, therefore, is that the European balance of power is endangered by Prussia, and endangered not by yielding to the choice of a Prussian prince by Spain, but by not promising that she never will yield! Now, the balance of power is a phrase denoting the necessity laid upon great contiguous states to limit the disproportionate expansion of any one of them. But, if the possible candidacy of a Hohenzollern, at any time, for the Spanish throne really menaced European repose, Russia, England, Austria, and Italy would be vitally interested in the question. They, however, evidently do not perceive any such menace to exist. Indeed, they have not been disturbed by apprehension at any period of the trouble. They declared their neutrality at once, and did not hesitate to do more than insinuate that they saw no cause for war. The balance of power, if threatened at all, is threatened for every European state. If only one declares it to be so, the presumption is that the declaration is a mere pretext. Nobody doubts that that of France is so. There is, therefore, not a single reason offered by the French Emperor for the war which he has undertaken which is acknowledged as valid by the nations most immediately affected. We do not consider whether the election of a Hohenzollern as King of Spain would really disturb the balance of power; for no Hohenzollern has been elected, and none is expected to be elected. The fact itself upon which the disturbance is assumed to depend does not exist. To say that the possibility, or even probability, of such a fact is a sufficient menace to justify war is criminal folly.

Moreover, who is it that offers this reason for war? It is the Emperor who has publicly torn and repudiated the treaties upon which that balance was adjusted; who has not concealed his hope of extending his own dominions and power; and who is now discovered to have been plotting in breach of the most solemnly plighted faith, and against the peace of Europe, a crime like that of the partition of Poland. It is Dick Turpin who is so lustily hallooing, "Stop thief!" It is the Artful Dodger who is so troubled by the fear that somebody, somewhere, under some circumstances, may "prig a wipe." Indeed, events have given a ghastly aspect of farce to the official declarations and excuses and justifications of the French Emperor.

The war against Prussia is the last desperate throw of Louis Napoleon to retrieve the failure of his whole life. He believes that the career which began in contempt at Boulogne, which culminated in the crime of the *coup d'état*, slaying, exiling, silencing, and cajoling so many of the noblest Frenchmen, which has so long held the country in the grasp of a despotism, steadily diminishing the glory and the influence of France, may end, at least, in a lurid renown, if it can only be associated with the extension of France to the Rhine at any cost of blood and money, of sorrow and desolation. The nephew has shown all the immoral recklessness of the uncle, unrelieved by a solitary gleam of his genius. Justice and the public conscience condemned Napoleon Bonaparte, but he took the imagination captive. Louis Napoleon inherited a destiny which he did not comprehend. The career which began in universal contempt fitly ends in general execration.

LIBERTY AND THE WAR.

It is sometimes asked whether liberty has any thing to choose between the Prussian King and the French Emperor, and whether it is not foolish to prefer one side to the other in the pending war. The Prussian King, it is said, is arrogant and despotic; many of his warmest supporters in this country, among them Senator Schurz himself, who praises him so cordially, are victims of his tyranny. Prussia is declared to be a military despotism of boundless ambition, which means to dominate Germany and Europe, and there are those who say that they would not be sorry to see her humbled. France, on the other hand, they declare, was our first friend. But for France the colonies would not have been independent. She is our traditional ally, and we do wrong to condemn her so rigorously. Much more is said in this same general strain; but the purport of all is, that, as popular liberty is not likely to gain by the contest, Americans ought to be rather favorable to France, or indifferent, as in a fight of Kilkenny cats.

But a great war is not a question of two men; and even if it were, and both the King of Prussia and the Emperor of France were alike despots, which of two despots is to be the more condemned, he who involves two nations in all the horrors of war, or he who removes the alleged pretext for those horrors? It seems to be forgotten that it is not a question of quarrel between kings only, but of war between nations. Granting that liberty gains nothing by the war, does humanity lose nothing? Suppose it to be true that the Prussians can not expect liberty from King William, must we with indifference see them murdered by Emperor Louis? Or because freedom has no hope in France, must we, without protest, behold Frenchmen dragged to fight in a wanton war? If both governments are equally hostile to freedom, then certainly that which insists upon adding the sufferings of war to those of slavery is the more to be condemned by humane men every where. Because King William is arrogant, and the Prussian army officers are haughty, and Bismarck is aristocratic, there are those who would willingly see them punished by Louis Napoleon. But they will not be punished; and do these reasons reconcile any American to the immeasurable anguish of wholly innocent persons which is to overspread two great countries? King William and Bismarck will not be touched, but the honest German citizen will be killed and his peaceful home ruined. Is that a spectacle which any American would willingly see?

Moreover, the war being forced upon Prussia, she begins by making it as humane as possible. Americans are neutrals; and the first act of Prussia is to declare the rights of neutrals in the utmost extent ever claimed by the United States. France refuses, and abides by the letter of her last agreement, the Treaty of Paris in 1856. And if we come to traditions, it is not to France nor to Celtic civilization that we owe the great muniments of American freedom. At this day, in France, most of those who call themselves republicans, and earnestly strive for the overthrow of Louis Napoleon, show as little comprehension of the vital and fundamental guarantees of liberty as the terrorists of '93. A century ago the French government, already rotten with the vices of despotism, which were about to plunge the country into revolution, recognized the independence of the American colonies, and substantially aided them. It was not chivalry nor magnanimity—it was sheer selfishness. It was not because the Bourbon government loved liberty, or the descendants of Englishmen, or wished to encourage rebellion, but because it hated England, and would gladly see a power upon this continent that would hold its rival in check. And it was the Bourbon government in France, not the republic, which helped us. The republic did what it could to humiliate us, while an American party flattered it because it called itself republican. Then came the Bonaparte successor of the Bourbon despotism. He restored slavery in St. Domingo, and sold us Louisiana because he knew that he could not keep it for himself. And when slavery in the United States, incalculably strengthened by the expansion furnished by the Louisiana purchase, sought to destroy the republic, and to found an empire based on slavery, the descendant of Bonaparte lent it all his sympathy and aid, seizing the chance to supersede the Mexican republic by an Austrian empire.

Meanwhile, whatever the arrogance of the Prussian King, the recent political action of Prussia has been to transfer to itself the headship of Germany which Austria had exercised since the last settlement of Europe. Is that a calamity for liberty? Prussia has also secured the independence of Italy. Do lovers of liberty decry her for that? She aims, undoubtedly, at a united Germany. What else has been the dream and hope of the best Germans for a century? It is, therefore, because circumstances have made his old foe at home the representative of such tendencies and principles that Senator Schurz defends the Prussian King. It is not the Crown Prince sternly suppressing republican movements in Prussia; it is the King refusing to yield to the mad requirement of the nephew of the victor of Jena, who imposed a fine of a hundred million of francs upon Prussia; it is the King resisting, in the name of Germany and civilization, the demand of the hereditary enemy of liberty and Europe, that a German republican of '48 with all his heart approves and defends.

MORE GNATS.

The President of the United States, having left Washington in the interim of Congress, and at a most disagreeable season, for a residence by the sea, is, of course, at once the object of partisan sneering. It appears, according to certain critics, that to go to the sea-side in unparalleled hot weather is to show the profoundest indifference to the state of the country and to the complications in Europe. So also, to drop in upon a shooting society, celebrating some festival, and to take a shot with success at the target, is to play false to the high trusts and dignities of the Presidential office. But is the President expected to show a proper sense of his exaltation by refusing to mingle with other citizens in their harmless relaxations, and by holding himself aloof as a superior being? The late General Jackson was fond of smoking a pipe, like any day-laborer, and it was not supposed that he forfeited public confidence or respect by that indulgence. General Grant is the most silent and simple and unassuming of men; but we doubt if the country regards his silence as indifference to the public welfare, or his tranquillity as dull disregard of his official duty.

Nothing is so easy as to dog the footsteps of any man, and listen to every word he utters, and then to make sport of him and them. Of all men who ever sat in the Presidential chair the great Democratic hero, General Jackson, was the most exposed, by his willfulness and ignorance, to this kind of ridicule. A letter of the General's was lately published which is certainly very comical, but it certainly does not diminish any sensible regard for him. This is the letter:

> "The President, with his respects to the acting Secretary of the Navy, and requests him to write to the Secretary of the Navy, that I request his return hither as soon as his convenience will permit him."

What sparkling sport could not have been made of such a performance as that! How a complete official letter-writer might have been constructed to satirize the President! With what mock heroics might not the Whig journals have deplored that the most illustrious station in the world was filled by a man ignorant of the most common forms of intercourse! To what solemn blatherskite over the degeneracy of parties and of public opinion might not the readers of that day have been treated!

The truth was that the people knew the President whom they had elected, and they did not expect him to excel in letter-writing. They therefore smiled and did not distrust him. It was not a matter of which we ought to be proud, as it is not a subject of pride to the State of New York that its Governor does not appreciate the proper difference between the words "shall" and "will." But if this were the chief criticism that could be made upon that officer, it would be indirect testimony to his official excellence. And when the country hears General Grant elaborately and solemnly indicted for passing the hot weather by the sea, or for the want of an Addisonian grace in his style, it smiles as it remembers that he has not passed every summer of his public service on the sea-shore, and is not wholly incapable of expressing himself with effective simplicity. Such places as Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and the banks of the James; and such expressions as, "I propose to move immediately upon your works;" and "I shall fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," are not entirely unfamiliar to Americans.

THE RHENISH FRONTIER AND ALSACE.

An interesting article in the Boston *Traveller* asserts that if France is trying to push her frontier to the Rhine, she is only seeking to recover what was hers under Napoleon I., and within the memory of living men; while, on the other hand, Prussia means to wrest Alsace and Lorraine from France, provinces which have been held by France for a hundred and ninety and a hundred and thirty-five years. If France, the *Traveller* argues, were to obtain the Rhenish provinces, she would not be stronger relatively to Prussia than she was four years ago, before Prussia's enlargement had disturbed the condition of Europe; while if Prussia should obtain Alsace and Lorraine, she would become so menacing that a new general alliance must be essential to restore order.

To this it may be answered that, if Prussia had picked a quarrel with France upon the ground that the Emperor would not promise how he would act in a possible contingency which had not arisen, the verdict of the world would be as stringent against Prussia as it now is against France. And if, under cover of such a pretense, Prussia had proceeded to invade Alsace and Lorraine, intending to conquer and retain them, she would be as guilty as France now threatens to be. Or, again, if a war had arisen between France and Prussia, upon what were acknowledged to be valid grounds, and, after hard fighting, the Rhenish provinces had been conceded to France in a treaty of peace, there would undoubtedly have been general acquiescence.

But this is not the situation. Personal reasons have persuaded Louis Napoleon to declare war. The flimsiness of his declared pretenses we have elsewhere considered. He invokes a horrible calamity upon Europe for no sound reason. By all the acknowledged principles of international law, if he should be beaten, he can not complain if he should be compelled to pay the penalty of his crime by a loss of territory. If it be urged that it would be very hard to make France suffer for the offenses of its ruler, the answer is that France must necessarily be regarded as a unit, and that every people must suffer for the acts of those whom they permit to rule them. It is true, as the *Traveller* alleges, that a Bourbon would have done what the Bonaparte hopes to do. That, indeed, shows one to be no better than the other; but it does not justify the conduct of either. And even supposing that Prussia had engaged in a peaceful intrigue to place a Hohenzollern upon the Spanish throne with the consent of the Spanish people, and that the intrigue had been successful, it does not follow, by any means, that the power of Prussia would have been dangerously increased; nor that her conduct would have justified a war by France to restore the equilibrium of Europe by conquering the Rhenish provinces. The people of Spain have as plain a right to elect a Hohenzollern king as the people of France to elect a Bonaparte emperor.

The *Traveller*, therefore, imagines a wholly different situation from that which actually exists. If the simple question were proposed whether the peace of Europe would be more threatened by the conquest of the Rhenish frontier by France than by that of Alsace and Lorraine by Prussia, there would still be a great many considerations to be discussed. And even supposing that war between two such hostile and adjoining nations was sooner or later inevitable, and that upon the whole the Rhenish frontier offers the best security of European peace, war would still not be justified by any reason which was not satisfactory to the public opinion of the world; and there is no pretense of such a reason now.

FENIAN EXHILARATION.

The prospect of a war is full of exhilaration to the Fenian brethren. They have been busily declaring their sympathy with that eminent friend of man, liberty, and Ireland, the Emperor of France. One eloquent gentleman at a French meeting held at Delmonico's was as lavish in his promises as he was ardent in his expletives. He announced that, "if" this was a war between the Saxon and Celtic races, "we" accept the challenge. Delmonico's fairly rocked with the tremendous enthusiasm that greeted this remark. The tables thundered. The glasses rattled. The scene and the sound must have been equally enlivening. When the feelings of the meeting permitted, the exuberant orator proceeded. But one of his hearers, who had been too deeply pledging the health of the French imperial apostle of peace, began to interrupt in the English language, which was imperfectly understood by the meeting, and the disturber was hustled out. Then the gushing Fenian continued; but also in the same unknown tongue. This made trouble. But when he exclaimed, "We are with you, men and money," the prospect of the aid of the Fenian military chest was so reviving to the spirits that tremendous cheers again arose until the welkin rang.

Before yielding to the evident wish that he should sit down, the orator continued, in the same strain: "The Germans propose to send men over; *we* will do the same." Here, again, torrents of enthusiasm broke loose. And with one final effort the speaker declared, "if" the United States connives at the sending of assistance from these shores for Prussia, "we" will send a million of men, if necessary, to fight for France. The force of Fenian eloquence could go no further. It was characteristic and delightful. One thing only was lacking, and that was to have declared that "if" the Prussian armies were recruited by the United States, he, the identical Fenian gentleman then visibly palpitating in the flesh before the eyes of assembled France at Delmonico's, would be one of five million Fenians to depart by the next steamer for the seat of war.

THE DICKENS AUCTION.

Why the most interesting and personal objects left by Mr. Dickens were immediately sold at auction does not appear. There were many things in the collection which were peculiarly associated with him, and some which had a tenderly exceptional value. But there seems to have been no discrimination. Every thing was brought to the hammer. The pictures that were presented to him, and had no other interest, and those which were painted by famous artists to illustrate his works, shared the same fate. But really an explanation is due of the sale of Maclise's portrait of his friend. The attachment between the author and the artist was long and most affectionate. Dickens's last words in public were a tribute to Maclise. At the Royal Academy dinner, on the 2d of May, he said: "For many years I was one of the two most intimate friends and most constant companions of the late Mr. Maclise." In a few beautiful and touching words he continued affectionately describing the character of the friend whose portrait of Dickens himself is so familiar. Scarcely is Dickens dead, when this portrait is sold at auction to a clergyman, and disappears. Was there such a pressing necessity for parting with it? We look in vain in all the accounts of the sale for an explanation of this extraordinary proceeding.

The auction itself served to show how kindly the memory of Dickens is cherished. The rooms were crowded not with private and personal friends, but with the readers and lovers of the author, that vast invisible diocese of every great popular writer, of which he can not think but with awe and pathos. How conscious of this unseen world of his friends Dickens always was is constantly evident in his books. And that they not only admired the author, but loved the man, as the unparalleled tributes to his memory prove, shows how deeply he had impressed the world with the sincerity of his declaration: "I have always had and always shall have an earnest and true desire to contribute, as far as in me lies, to the common stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment.... I believe that Virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen."

THE QUESTION OF FRENCH FAILURE.

The publication of the secret treaty which the French Government proposed to that of Prussia suggests the inquiry how many more such secret plots of Louis Napoleon's are likely to appear? Meanwhile the treaty itself throws a curious light upon the French Emperor, and invites consideration of the personal consequences of failure in his present monstrous enterprise. The project of the treaty recalls the beginning of the century, when Napoleon, without, however, consulting other people, arranged the map of Europe to suit himself. Was there ever such fatuity as Louis Napoleon's, or such an opportunity squandered? His first and clearest perception should have been that he could not be his uncle; and the second, that his uncle could not do in 1870 what was practicable sixty years before. In looking back over the nephew's career, and in reading such a summary as that of Edmond About's, which is merely the history of the second empire, Kinglake's contemptuous estimate of Louis Napoleon seems to be justified. He has meddled every where, but has touched nothing with the hand of a master. At the end of twenty years he has alienated every power; not one is friendly; not one cares to be his ally; not one but has some especial grudge against him.

The confidence of Frenchmen has so declined that he has felt himself obliged to mitigate Cæsarism by certain concessions to constitutional freedom. But the discussions at the time of the *Plebiscite* showed how illusory these concessions were. The governing power is settled upon him; he alone amends the fundamental law which he has himself enacted; and he declares war. The result of the *Plebiscite* showed that there was no wise organization of the liberal sentiment in France, and the truest liberals voted for him in the unhappy alternative offered them. But had the vote been, in any proper sense, sincere, Louis Napoleon would be to-day the strongest ruler in the world. While, in fact, there is nobody who does not feel that nothing is more uncertain than the peaceful succession of his son.

The telegraph, in the few days immediately following the declaration of war, trembled with the tidings of the reported enthusiasm of the French population. But the speech of Thiers, the article of About, the tone of the *Journal des Débats*, and the statement of the *Tribune's* correspondent, corrected the delusion, and it was evident that the enthusiasm was of the kind which is manufactured to order, upon great occasions, by the police. It is plain, therefore, that when the Empress said there would be no end to the war but in a victory for France, she spoke with an instinctive consciousness that failure would be fatal to her husband. It is this consciousness which will make Louis Napoleon reckless to the last. A signal defeat would count him among the victims. A signal defeat, also, promises for France a situation not agreeable to contemplate. The system of Cæsarism has left it no alternative but anarchy; and it will be sad and discouraging indeed if the experiment of the empire does not prove to all intelligent Frenchmen that order and progress can not now be permanently secured in that country but by a free constitutional government.

NOTES.

The ocean yacht race was very closely contested, and the English yacht *Cambria* won. It is very remarkable that the American yacht, the *Dauntless*, was about two hours behind, and that on the second day out she lost two hours in heaving to to save two men, who were unfortunately drowned. Every thing seems to have been "fair and square," and, as usual, in all "international" matches, nothing whatever is determined by the result. It is not proved that the model of the *Cambria* is finer than that of the *Dauntless*, nor that her sailing qualities are superior, nor that English seamanship bears the bell. The only evident conclusion is that, upon a return race, the American yacht might beat. The disappointment among American yachtsmen was undoubtedly very great. Reasons were as plenty as blackberries why the *Dauntless* did not win, but they were no more satisfactory than those which explain a political defeat. The fatal fact in the latter case is that the other party had more votes, and in the former that the English yacht came in first. But, although this prestige of success rests with the *Cambria*, it is not less true that the equality of the race, under the circumstances, shows the *Dauntless* to be as fast a sailer. And in that conclusion we ought all to be happy.

The Harpers have just published a convenient and timely volume of the "Speeches, Letters, and Sayings of Charles Dickens," with a sketch of his life by George Augustus Sala, and Dean Stanley's sermon in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Sala says that he was an illiterate and blind child when Mr. Dickens began to write, but of a retentive memory. The solace of his life was to hear his sister read "Sketches by Boz," and when he recovered his sight, it was from "Pickwick" that his sister taught him to read. He knew Dickens personally from the year 1836, and "in literature served him faithfully for nineteen years." Mr. Sala's sketch is very interesting, and will be very useful in its detail of facts to any biographer of the novelist. His praise of his master is fervid and boundless. As for the speeches of Dickens, which were mostly dinner speeches, their fame is familiar as that of models of their kind. Exuberant, flowing, fanciful, humorous, earnest, generous, and graceful, they were always fresh and delightful. Neither too trivial nor too serious, they struck the happy mean of feeling and good sense. It is impossible to open them any where without perceiving the cheery spell of his genius and admiring its singular felicity. The letters are sparkling, and the sermon of Dean Stanley is a fine and thoughtful tribute to a great moral teacher, and, by implication, a noble rebuke of those who have been gibing at him over his grave.

Although Mr. Motley has been recalled, his country certainly has no reason to be dissatisfied with him. He has not been allowed to open the *Alabama* negotiations, but he has concluded the treaty which involves the subject of indefeasible allegiance, and according to the most honorable American traditions and policy. During his brief official term no other great question has been discussed. When the war began in 1861 Mr. Motley was in England as a private citizen and honored guest; and his explanation and defense of the Union cause, both in private circles and in the *Times*, was so vigorous and hearty and conclusive that the English sentiment which was hostile to this government did not forgive his trenchant eloquence. That sentiment preferred the cautious reserve of the Democratic Minister at the time, Mr. Dallas. When Mr. Motley appeared as the successor of Mr. Reverdy Johnson his official presence was a declaration to the English friends and allies of the rebellion that the United States proposed to maintain the principles for which they had fought and which they had established. This was intensely disagreeable both to those English foes and to their American toadies. As Minister, Mr. Motley's public course has been truly dignified and American. The duties of hospitality have been discharged with characteristic grace and urbanity. The newspapers of the party of Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Dallas, and Mr. Reverdy Johnson have taunted Mr. Motley as a snob. A snob is defined by the best authority as one who admires mean things meanly. Those, therefore, who loudly praise Mr. Reverdy Johnson, who was perpetually in a position of koo-too before the aristocracy that had hoped for the destruction of his country; and Mr. Buchanan, whose great service as Democratic Minister at the Court of St. James was acting as bottle-holder to Mr. Soulé in the Ostend Conference to secure the extension of slavery; and Mr. Dallas, who yielded without even a protesting sigh to the hopes and sneers of the British aristocracy against the Union—those who praise these American Ministers to England are debarred from accusing their successor of snobbery. Mr. Motley at home and abroad, as one of the most eminent authors of his own country, and one of its most honored and conspicuous representatives in Europe, has been always true to what is noblest and most characteristic in the American principle and tendency; and, despite the little spurts of party venom, he and his Republican predecessor, Mr. Adams, will probably be quite as honorably remembered, both as men and as gentlemen, as the last three Democratic Ministers to Great Britain.

Among the new lecturers for the year will be Mr. Richard Grant White, whose scholarly accomplishments are familiar to all readers, and whose "New Gospel of Peace" was the most popular and famous of all the literary works of the war. Mr. White's papers in the *Galaxy* upon the use of the English language have been universally remarked for their careful and shrewd observation and humorous illustration. He will probably select some of the literary subjects which he is so amply able to treat with thoroughness and popular interest; and we welcome him heartily into the growing brotherhood of the platform.

We are glad to observe that the good cause of the rights of travelers continues to advance and to triumph. The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that a personal injury from an accident upon a railroad train is presumptive proof of negligence, and that the company must show that it was not the result of its own negligence. This is much more sensible than the former obligation upon the passenger to prove that it was the result of such negligence, which he could not certainly know. Last November, also, Mr. Willcox, a passenger upon the steamer *Bellona*, published a letter, showing her unfitness for the service. Copies of his letter, in the New York *Globe*, were sent to the agents and owners, and led to promises of reform. Upon her next trip the *Bellona* broke her shaft, and Mr. Willcox returned to the charge. The ship was expected to sail again about this time, but her name has disappeared from the advertisements, and she has been sold for other service. Publicity is an admirable purge of abuses.

In a recent interview with the editors of French newspapers, M. Ollivier assured them that the Emperor never approved or accepted the basis of the so-called secret treaty alleged to have been drawn up by Count Benedetti, and that Bismarck's prompting idea was actually odious to him. On the other hand, Count Von Bismarck publishes in the Berlin *Anzeiger* his version of the treaty, which flatly contradicts the statement of M. Ollivier. Assuming the German account of this affair to be substantially correct, Napoleon seems to have been led on by Bismarck into submitting propositions to which that astute and unscrupulous statesman had no intention of agreeing, but which he foresaw could be used to advantage against the Emperor in the event of war.

The *Tribune* recently published some very surprising statements in regard to crime in New York, well calculated to shake our faith in the old proverb that "murder will out." The police returns for the year 1866 show that in this city alone there were, during that year, no less than 71 clear cases of homicide, while only 33 persons were arrested for these crimes, and the records of the courts show only 15 convictions. That is to say, of the perpetrators of unmistakable murders fewer than 50 per cent. were arrested, and more than 80 per cent. went unpunished. The readiness with which the knife and pistol are used in New York to settle the most trivial disputes is, perhaps, explained by these remarkable statistics. The poor wretch, Reynolds, was not far from right in believing that hanging "was played out" in New York.

General Sheridan sailed recently for Europe, to observe the operations of the French and Prussian armies. Both governments, however, have decided to refuse military officers of foreign powers permission to visit their respective camps; and probably no exception will be made in the case of General Sheridan, notwithstanding the fact that this country is not liable to be drawn into the contest, as England or Austria may be.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The ocean yacht race between the *Dauntless* and the *Cambria* ended July 27 in a victory for the English yacht, which reached the light-ship off Sandy Hook an hour and forty minutes ahead of her rival. For a voyage of more than three thousand miles this is probably the closest race ever sailed. The *Dauntless* was delayed over three hours by accidents at sea, and lost two of her company overboard.

A severe Indian fight took place in Texas July 14 between a cavalry force of fifty men, belonging to the Sixth Cavalry, under Major M'Clellan, and two hundred and fifty Indians, thought to belong to the Comanche and Kioway tribes. The fight lasted five hours. The cavalry were forced back eight miles, two being killed and eleven wounded. The Indians were well armed with Spencer rifles.

There are more troubles in Utah. Mr. George Cronyn, a prominent opponent of Brigham Young, was recently found dead at Salt Lake City, under circumstances that lead to the suspicion of foul play; and at a reception recently given there to General Augur by Colonel Anderson a large party of Mormons gathered in front of the house, insulted those within, and finally broke up the festivities.

A terrible murder was committed in this city on the morning of July 30. The victim was Mr. Benjamin Nathan, the well-known stock-broker, a gentleman of very great wealth and high social position. He was found lying dead in his bedroom in his residence at No. 12 West Twenty-third Street, near Fifth Avenue. His head was beaten in with five terrible blows, the instrument of murder being a heavy iron bar, known by ship-carpenters as a "dog." Mr. Nathan retired in perfect health on Thursday night, and the murder was not discovered until six o'clock Friday morning. The most remarkable feature of the tragedy is that, though two sons of Mr. Nathan, with his housekeeper and her son, slept in the house, they heard no unusual noises during the night. Mr. Nathan's watch and jewelry were missing, and his safe was broken open. No satisfactory theory in regard to the murder has yet been developed. Mr. Nathan was a gentleman of large benevolence and pure life, and is not known to have had an enemy in the world.

General John O'Neil, of the Fenian army, who was captured by the United States Marshal during the late movement on the Canadian border, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a small fine. He pleaded in extenuation of his crime the services he had rendered the North during the late war. John H. Brown and John J. Monahan were also sentenced to imprisonment—one for nine and the other for six months.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Emperor of France set out from St. Clond July 28 to join the army, and arrived the same afternoon at Metz, where the Imperial head-quarters were established. Just previous to his departure he addressed the following letter to the commander-in-chief of the Garde Nationale of Paris:

"Dear General,—I beg you to express on my part to the Garde Nationale of Paris how much I count on its patriotism and devotion. At the moment when I am about to set out for the army I have to testify to it the confidence which I repose in its will and ability to maintain order in Paris, and to contribute to the security of the regency of the Empress. It is becoming to say that each one, according to the measure of his ability, shall add to the safety of the country."

On assuming command in person, the Emperor issued the following proclamation to the army:

"Soldiers,—I come to take my place at your head, to defend the honor of the soil of our country. You go to combat against one of the best-armed of European countries; but other countries as valiant as this have not been able to resist your valor. It will be the same to-day. The war which now commences will be long and hardly contested, for its theatre will be places hedged in with obstacles and thick with fortresses; but nothing is beyond the persevering efforts of the soldiers of Africa, Italy, and Mexico. You will prove once more what the French army is able to accomplish, animated by a sentiment of duty, maintained by discipline, influenced by love of country. Whatever road we may take across our frontiers we will find upon it glorious traces of our fathers, and we will show ourselves worthy of them. All France follows you with ardent prayers, and the eyes of the universe are upon you. Upon our success depends the fate of liberty and civilization. Soldiers, let each one do his duty, and the God of battles will be with us. Napoleon.

"At the General Head-quarters at Metz, }
the 28th July, 1870." }

King William of Prussia has also taken his place at the head of his army. On leaving for head-quarters he granted full amnesty for political crimes, and issued an address, in which he declares he goes to fight for the honor of Germany, and calls on the whole nation to rise.

A Berlin dispatch states that the French attacked Saarbrücken, in largely superior force, on the morning of July 30, but were vigorously repulsed.

Paris accounts of an unimportant skirmish, which took place July 26, give some indication of the relative merits of the Chassepot rifle and the needle-gun. The Prussian bullets fell a hundred metres short in a range of eight hundred metres, while the French killed several Prussians at the same time.

At an interview with the Parisian editors M. Ollivier stated that no restriction would be placed on the publication of accomplished facts. At Metz several newspaper correspondents, chiefly American and English, were recently arrested as spies. They were soon liberated, however, but warned to keep away from the army in future.

The declaration of neutrality by England has caused bitter disappointment in Germany, and the German press have opened a furious attack on English policy. They assert that England has purchased her neutrality at the cost of German hate. The *North German Gazette* adds: "England supplies France with cartridges to slaughter Germans."

Austria is making formidable war preparations, as she fears the infringement of her neutrality by Bismarck. The command of the Austrian army of observation will be given to the Archduke Albrecht, whose sympathy for France is well known. A Hungarian corps is also to be organized, the Chambers at Pesth having voted an extraordinary credit for that purpose.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

Two British gun-boats have started for the port of Pekin to demand satisfaction for the outrages there committed. The foreign residents of Shanghai have been called on to volunteer for an expedition with the same destination. The French will send a naval and military force from Saigon, and war is thought to be inevitable.

The Turkish government, it is stated, have entered into a contract for 200 American cannon.

In dispatches received in London from Japan an insurrection in the principality of Ava is reported, and a massacre in which 1400 persons were slaughtered.

In the British House of Commons, July 26, Mr. Gladstone, in reply to a demand for the *Alabama* correspondence, stated that the negotiations stood where they did eighteen months ago, and that, America having declined the offer made by England, the next advance was due from the United States.

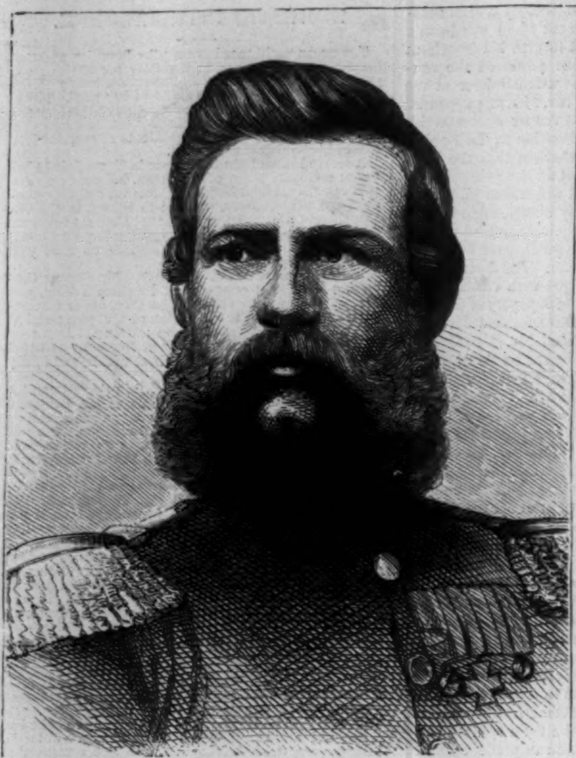
Ninety persons were killed and many wounded by a recent explosion in a colliery at Llansamlet, Wales.

Rumors are current in London that, unless the Infallibility doctrine is considerably qualified, Austrian Catholics will embrace Protestantism.

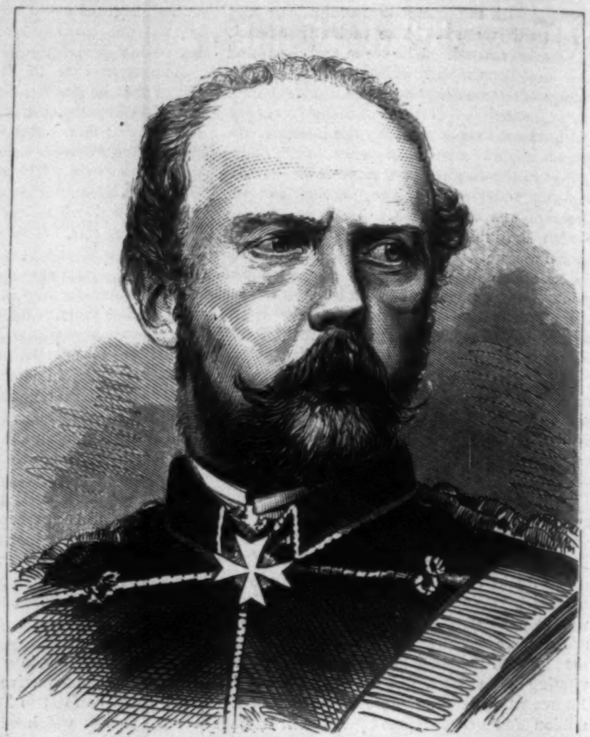
The official journal of Vienna announces the suppression of the *concordat* between Austria and Rome, and the Papal Court has been informed of the action of the Austrian government.

The freedom of the city of London has just been conferred upon M. De Lesseps.

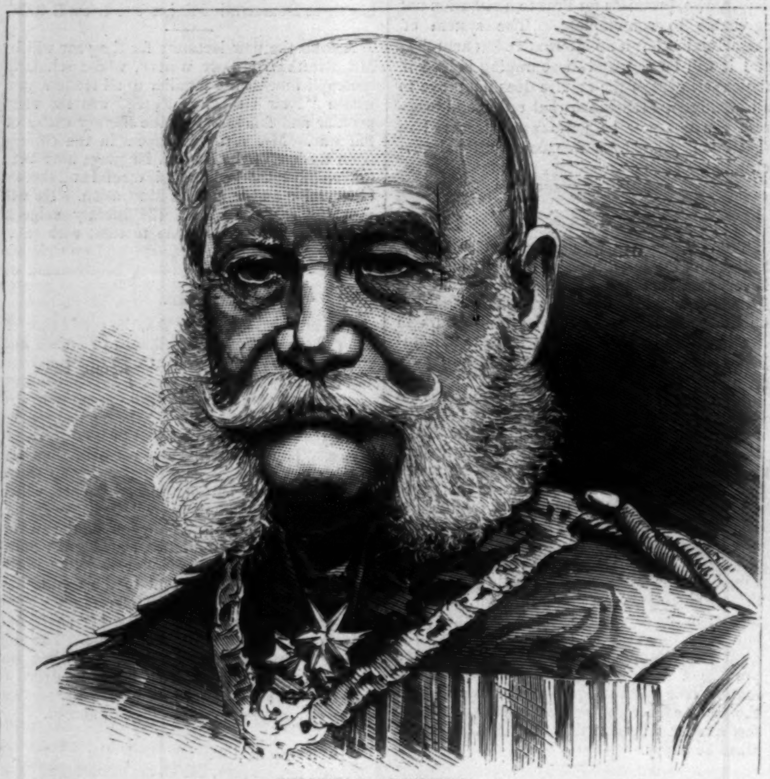
Edmond About will, it is said, replace the late M. Paradol in the French Academy.



THE CROWN PRINCE, FREDERICK WILLIAM.



PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES.



WILLIAM I. OF PRUSSIA.

KING WILLIAM AND HIS GENERALS.

The King of Prussia is happy in having about his person, in the present grave emergency, the most distinguished and most able military commanders of the time, devoted to his cause, and enthusiastically loved by the armies they have led to victory. The first among them, in talent if not in rank, is the Prince Royal, Frederick Charles, the nephew of the King. As regards military knowledge and genius, he is considered superior to his cousin, the Crown Prince, whose military record is also one of success and high renown. He was born March 20, 1828. Like all Prussian princes, he entered the army at a very early age—he was scarcely ten years old; and his innate love of every thing connected with the army soon became apparent in the rapid progress he made in the military school of instruction. The study of the life and glorious deeds of Frederick the Great filled his leisure hours, and it is said that he was on several occasions severely reprimanded for passing entire nights over the history of the "Seven Years' War" and the study of the plans of battle adopted by that illustrious captain. He distinguished himself in the Schleswig-Holstein war, but won his highest renown in the late war against Austria. A distinguished military writer, describing this campaign, says of the Prince:

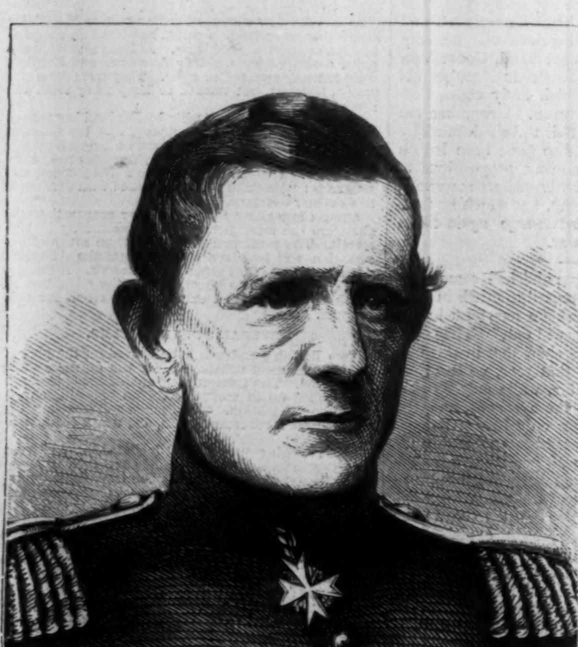
"At the outbreak of hostilities between Prussia and Austria in 1866, Prince Frederick Charles was called to the command of the First Division of the Prussian army, immediately marched his troops to the frontier, which he crossed on June 23, and, in ordering the attack upon the forces of the enemy, addressed his men with the words, 'May your hearts beat toward God and your fists upon the enemy.' A succession of splendid victories at Liebenau, Turnau, Podol, Münchengrätz, and Gitschin, having forced the enemy into the interior of Bohemia, Prince Frederick Charles, who knew the Austrians to have occupied a formidable position on the heights beyond the Bistritz, requested the Crown Prince, Frederick William, to come to his assistance with the Second Division of the army, but attacked the enemy on the morning of July 3, without awaiting his arrival. The Prussians fought desperately, but the position of the enemy was so well chosen, and their artillery so favorably placed, that the Prince could not gain a decided advantage over them, and it was not until the arrival of the Second Division, under the Crown Prince, that the enemy lost ground, retreated under the deadly fire of the Prussians, and was finally completely routed, running in all directions, and in the wildest confusion. This ended the celebrated battle of Sadowa."

In the present war the Prince commands the Army of the Rhine.

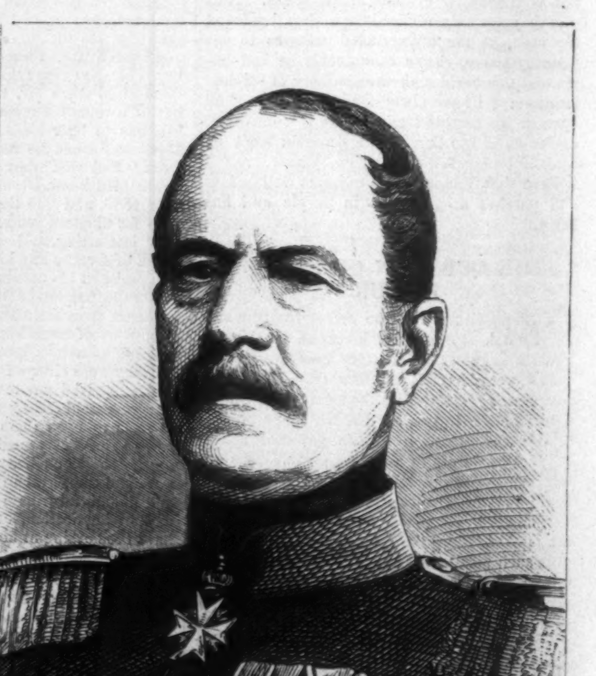
The Crown Prince, Frederick William, only son of William I., and heir to the Prussian throne, was born in 1831. At the age of seventeen the Prince was sent to the University of Bonn. At the conclusion of his university career he was recalled to Berlin, and began his military studies as a private in the Guards, as rank affords no exemption from the strictest military service in Prussia. Prince and peasant stand upon the same footing in this respect—with a difference, however, in the matter of promotion. After a short term of service in the ranks he received command of a company, and rose by rapid promotion to the grade of General. In 1856 he married the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria. As Lieutenant-General and Commander of the Second Army Corps, the Crown Prince took part in the Schleswig-Holstein war, in which the little kingdom of Denmark was despoiled; and, though not engaged in actual fighting, cheerfully shared in all the hardships suffered by his troops during that winter campaign, and achieved, in consequence, a great popularity with his troops, and acquired the reputation of being an accomplished soldier. During the war with Austria he again commanded the Second Army Corps, and took part in the great battle of Sadowa. His timely arrival, after his cousin Prince Frederick Charles had been engaged all day with the enemy, decided the fate of the battle, which, like Waterloo, might have ended otherwise but for the reinforcement of one side by fresh and enthusiastic troops. Though considered inferior to his cousin, the Prince Royal, in military knowledge, the record of the Crown Prince as a soldier is one of courage, ability, and success. He is in command of the Northern Army of Prussia.

Baron Von Moltke, General and Chief of Staff, was born in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, October 26, 1800. After serving in the Danish army during his earlier years, he offered his services to Prussia, and in 1822 received the commission of a Second Lieutenant. His ability as a tactician and a strategist was soon fully appreciated, and ere long he was appointed to the general staff of the Prussian army. Here he found an extensive field for the rapid development of his extraordinary talents. In 1835 he was sent to Constantinople for the instruction and organization of the Turkish army, distinguished himself in the campaign of the Sultan against the Viceroy of Egypt, and returned to Prussia rich in honors and experience. He made rapid advances in the army, until he was definitely appointed Chief of Staff in September, 1858, in which position he has remained up to the present day, and has rendered such services in his reorganization of the Prussian army, the skillful planning of campaigns and all military operations, as can never be overestimated. He planned the campaign against Denmark, and won great distinction in this field. But his genius as a strategist was displayed in its greatest brilliancy in the war with Austria in 1866. It is said that not only was he in constant possession of information about every movement of the army, but that he was never at a loss one single moment how to counteract all his adversaries' operations, and turn them to his own advantage. His character is as firm as a rock, and, when once engaged in the planning of a military movement, nothing can detain him from carrying it out, as long as he feels morally convinced that he is in the right, and that there is a chance of success. In spite of his seventy years he is still robust, and capable of taking an active part in the operations of the field.

General Herwarth von Bittenfeld is considered one of the bravest, most skillful, and talented commanding officers in the Prussian army. He is older than Moltke, having been born September 4, 1796. He entered the army at the age of fifteen, fought at the battle of Leipsic, and took part in the invasion of France by the Allies in 1814, where he served with distinction in several engagements and at the siege of Paris. During the second campaign in Schleswig-Holstein, in 1864, he achieved a brilliant victory over the Danish army, and virtually brought the war to a close by taking possession of one of the most important positions of the enemy, the Island of Alsen, and by almost annihilating the troops who were ordered to defend the place. The war of 1866 again called him into active service. He was assigned to the command of the Elbe army, and gave many proofs of his superior talents as a military leader. He took part in the battle of Sadowa, and expects to see active service in the field during the present war.



BARON VON MOLTKE.



HERWARTH VON BITTENFELD.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

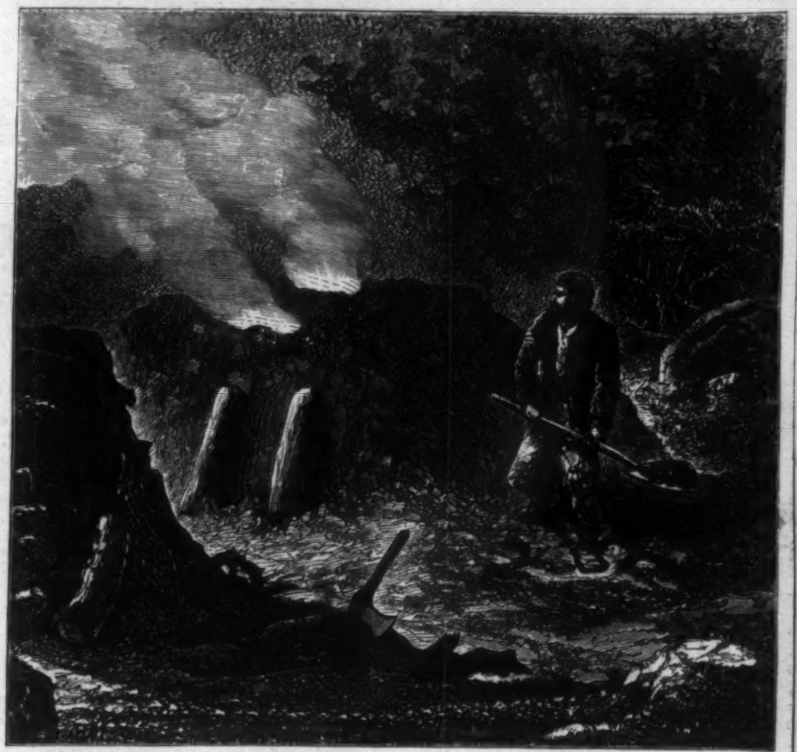
THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER IX.

A Volcanic Crater.—Fog on the Mountain.—An Excursion down the Bay.—An Ambuscade.

On one occasion when the winter was drawing toward a close, so that the days began decidedly to lengthen, and something like warmth was imparted by the rays of the sun, Mr. Raynal and Aleck set out to ascend a mountain at some distance in the interior, in the rear of the cabin. They attained the summit without any difficulty, and though they found it intensely cold, they were somewhat repaid for their labor by the grandeur and sublimity of the view. All around them were the peaks and summits of bare and rugged mountains, and beyond, in every direction as far as the eye could reach, the open sea. They scanned the horizon most carefully all around, but no sail was to be seen.

Their attention was attracted by a singular peak at a moderate distance from them, which presented what seemed to be the opening of a dark and deep cavern. They determined to visit this peak, and did so, following the crest of a lofty ridge which extended to it from the mountain on which they were standing. What they had supposed to be a cavern assumed the appearance, when they reached it, of a portion of the crater of an extinct volcano, one of the sides of which had fallen in, leaving another portion in the form of a vast overhanging precipice. The rock of which this precipice was formed seemed to them volcanic, and they observed, moreover, what appeared to be a current of ancient lava, which they could trace with the eye for some distance down the mountain-side.



ALECK MAKING CHARCOAL.

On their return they went back as they came, along the crest of the ridge, to the mountain which they had first ascended, but by the time that they had reached it they were brought into a state of great perplexity and danger by a dense fog which had arisen, and which now enveloped the mountain, and rendered it impossible for them to move. They could scarcely see the ground under their feet, and besides the difficulty of finding their way back to the cabin, the attempt to grope, almost blindfold as it were, among the rocks and chasms and precipices which formed the mountain-side, would have been certain destruction.

So they were obliged to sit down upon the rocks on the summit of the mountain for more than an hour, trying to keep each other warm, and waiting for the fog to clear away. Fortunately for them, at the end of that time a breeze sprang up, which seemed to break up the fog into clouds and drive it away. The men soon warmed themselves by going briskly down the mountain-side, and so returned safely home.

A few days after this the men set off to make an excursion down the bay in their boat. They went on for several miles, and at length turned into one of the branches of the bay, and after exploring its sinuosities for some time they came to a beach where they landed, and after drawing up the boat began to ramble about, each one by himself, to search for seals.

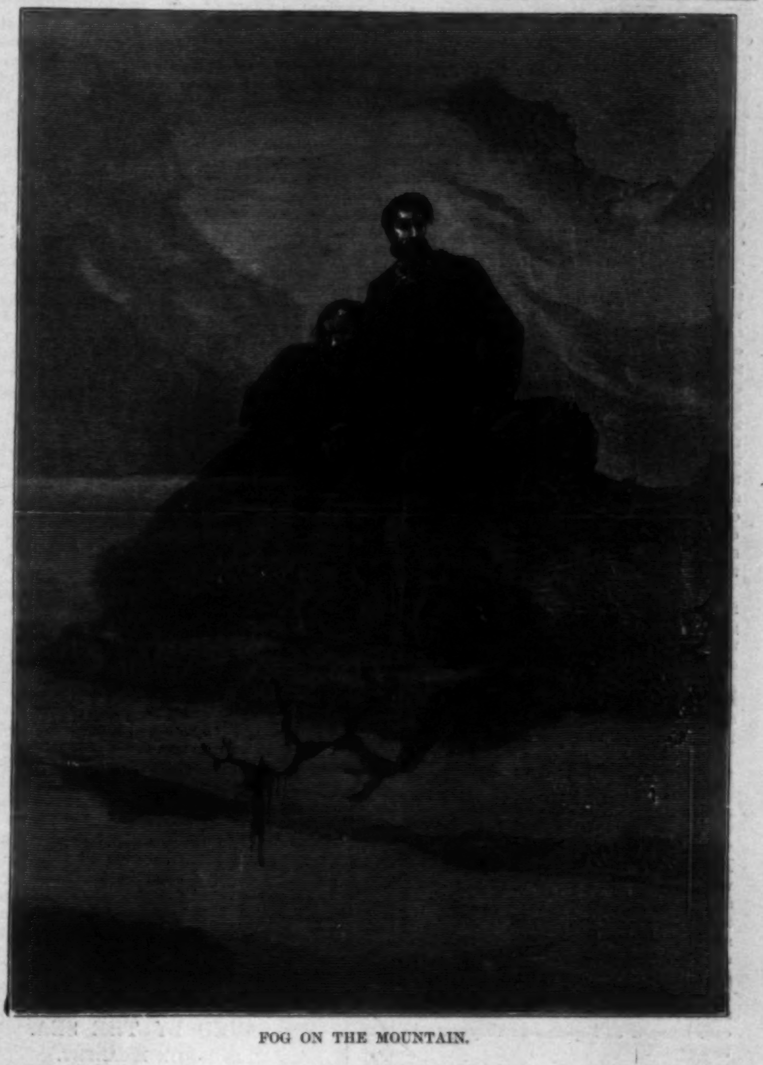
Mr. Raynal, having become somewhat separated from the rest, observed at a distance, on the margin of a wood, something red which attracted his attention. On going to the spot he found some bushes entirely covered with a kind of red berry, which, of course, had grown the season before, and had remained upon the bushes during the winter. Mr. Raynal ate some of the berries, and says that he found them delicious. The intense craving which he elsewhere states the men had all along felt for some kind of vegetable food probably made him very easy to be pleased.

After eating a few of the berries, and finding what a treasure he had discovered, he set off in haste to call his companions. As soon, however, as he came in sight of the boat and the shore, his course was arrested by seeing Captain Musgrave crouched in ambuscade behind the boat, watching and aiming at a seal that was swimming in the water, at a short distance from the shore.

It seems that while Mr. Raynal was away the other men had seen this seal coming, and had concealed themselves where they could watch his motions unobserved, in hopes that he would come to the land so that they might reach him and kill him with their clubs. He came at length to the beach where the boat was lying, and began examining it, apparently with great curiosity. He clambered up by the gunwales so as to look into it, went first on one side, and then on the other, and finally concluding, as it seemed, that there must be some lurking danger connected with an object so novel and strange in form, he plunged into the water and swam away.

The men were afraid that they had lost him, but he did not go far. After swimming a little way he stopped and turned to examine the boat again, from what he probably considered a safe distance. Captain Musgrave crept down upon his hands and knees over the rocks and sand to the boat, cautiously took out Mr. Raynal's gun, and was just making ready to fire at him when Mr. Raynal came near enough to see what was going on.

Mr. Raynal stopped and concealed himself so as not to alarm the seal. The seal, on his part, continued swimming to and fro, now and then rising head and shoulders out of the water, to obtain a better view of the boat. After waiting till he obtained a fair aim, Captain Musgrave fired, and killed him.



FOG ON THE MOUNTAIN.

The men waded out and brought the body to the shore and put it on board the boat. Mr. Raynal then conducted them back to the place where he had found the berries, and they ate all that they could find, with the greatest avidity. Mr. Raynal said that never in their lives had they enjoyed so luxurious a collation.

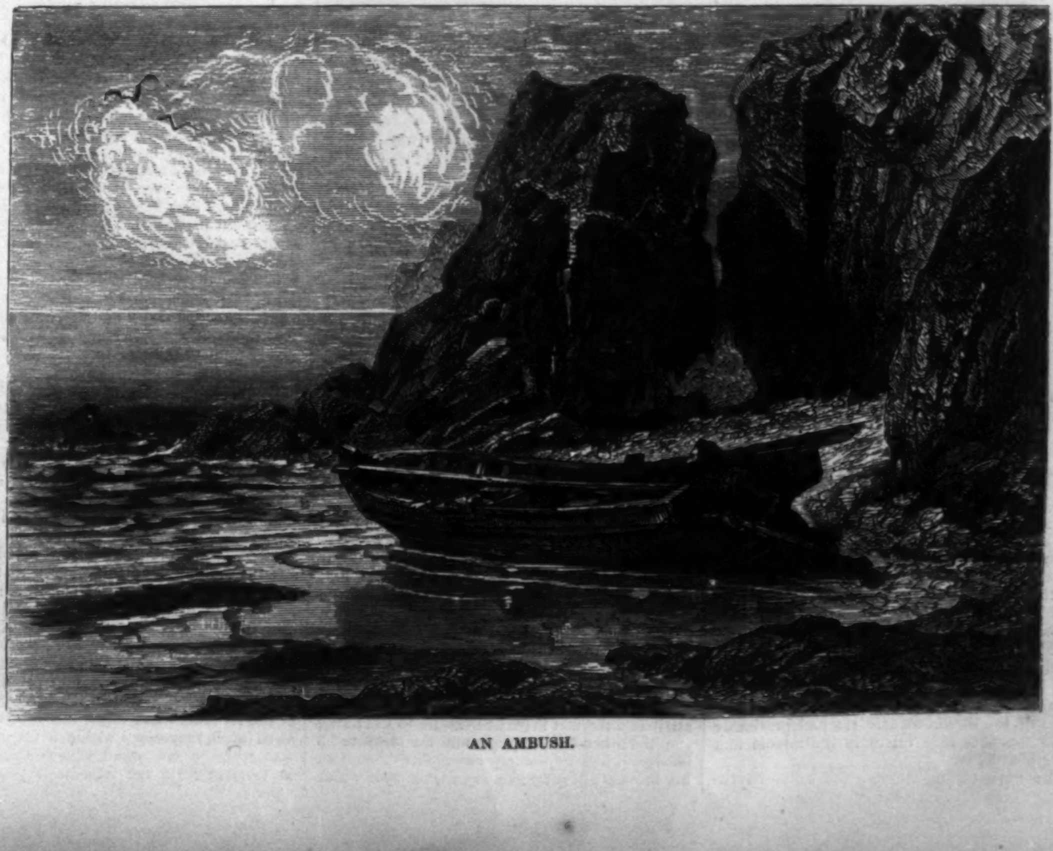
Thus the winter passed away, bringing with it alternate seasons of abundance and of famine. When, at length, the month of September was gone, and the time of summer was drawing near, the spirits of the men began to revive, for they thought that now they could soon begin to hope for the arrival of the vessel, which it will be recollected was to have been sent for them if they should fail to return to Sydney within the allotted time. This vessel was to have been sent out for them in the fall of the previous year. But they imagined a thousand accidents or causes of detention which might account for the delay, and so endeavored to quiet their anxieties. But sometimes, on the other hand, their suspense and solicitude, and their weary watching of the never-changing line of the horizon, became overwhelming, and their spirits would sink to the lowest state of impatience, distress, and despondency.

At length, however, as the spring advanced, one event occurred which filled their hearts for a time with the greatest gladness. The seals returned from their migration. They saw one morning a large school of them coming into the harbor, and on successive days other troops came in. They now felt secure of abundance of food. This change not only released them from all anxiety about their means of subsistence, but promised to afford them time unemployed which they might appropriate to any undertaking that they thought desirable. They determined to give up depending exclusively on help to come from abroad, and to see what they could do toward helping themselves to escape from their perilous situation.

CHAPTER X.

Plan for building a Vessel.—Want of the necessary Tools for Working.—How the Deficiency was Supplied.—Making a Blacksmith's Forge.—Providing Charcoal.

It will be remembered that it was in the spring of 1863—that is, in what was spring in the south-



AN AMBUSH.

ern hemisphere—that our shipwrecked party sailed from Sydney, and that she was wrecked in a bay in the Auckland Islands early in January—that is, nearly at midsummer. An arrangement had been made with the owners at Sydney that, if the vessel did not return before the fall had fully set in, another vessel was to be sent in search of the party. But the fall and winter, and part of the second summer, had passed away, and the shipwrecked men saw no signs of any one coming to rescue them. They had built a cabin, and had established themselves in it in a somewhat regular and systematic manner of life. They had set up a signal on a cliff to call attention to them in case any vessel should pass that way. But the islands were remote and solitary, and were in the midst of lonely and unfrequented seas, and no vessel came near. At last, after months had passed away, the hope of being rescued by the intervention of others gradually faded away from the minds of the men; and Mr. Raynal began to revolve more seriously than ever the question whether they could not do something to rescue themselves. He finally proposed to the men that they should undertake what seemed to them, when he proposed it, the herculean task of building a vessel large and strong enough to take them to New Zealand, which lay six or seven hundred miles to the northward of them, and was the nearest inhabited land.

Mr. Raynal conceived of this idea at Christmas, a day which, he says, was one of joy and gladness throughout the whole world, but for them was sad and sorrowful enough, since it only reminded them how fast the summer was passing away and no one coming to save them. He proposed the plan to his comrades, and they all with common accord condemned it as utterly impracticable and hopeless.

Instead of attempting to argue the case with them he determined to convince them, if possible, by facts, which he said were more effectual in influencing men than all the reasonings in the world. Indeed, the argument, so far as there was any argument, was altogether on their side. For how could they expect to be able to build a vessel large enough and strong enough to make such a voyage over those stormy seas without tools, without materials, and without the possession in any of them of any special mechanical skill? Mr. Raynal, however, determined to begin himself alone, in hopes that the others might be convinced, by seeing how much he could himself accomplish in the preliminary work, that the case was not as hopeless as they were inclined to suppose.

In reflecting upon the steps to be taken, Mr. Raynal considered that the first thing to be done would be to make the necessary tools. All the tools which had been saved from the wreck were an axe, which was now nearly worn out, an old adze, a hammer, and a gimlet. He thought that he might obtain iron from the wreck, and perhaps some articles made of steel, which he might work over so as to make the tools that he would require—tools which, though doubtless they would be very rude in construction, might possibly answer his purpose. But to make these tools some kind of forge was necessary; and for a forge an anvil, bellows, and a supply of charcoal were required. The principal difficulty seemed to be in the construction of the bellows. He thought that one of the "pigs" of iron, of which the ballast of the vessel was principally composed, would serve for an anvil. So Mr. Raynal determined to begin with the bellows, in hopes that, if he should succeed in that work, the men would be encouraged to join him in his undertaking.

He accordingly went, at low tide, out to the wreck of the *Grafton*, and there contrived to rip off from the bottom of the vessel a number of sheets of copper, carefully preserving the nails. He also procured some boards, though they were not wide enough for the purpose. He, however, contrived to put several of them together, side by side, joining them by cleats, and fastening the cleats to the boards by wooden pegs, as he had no nails suitable for that purpose. Of course he had no means of fitting these boards together very closely, to make the top and bottom of the bellows, and so he calked the joints with a kind of oakum, which he prepared from the ravelings of ropes, and by this means made them tolerably air-tight.

He required three of these composite boards; for the blacksmith's bellows, in order that it may give a continuous blast, must have two compartments, and these require a central board, fixed, and two others, one above and one below, movable, with valves in the middle and lower one. When these boards were made Mr. Raynal cut them to a proper form—that is, shaped them nearly to a point at one end, and rounded them at the other, by means of a saw which formed one of the blades of his pocket-knife, and then fashioned a tube, or pipe, to convey the air to the forge, by bending a sheet of the copper around the round part of the iron bar which he used as a crow to pry off the sheets of copper from the planking of the vessel. He made the junction of the two edges of the copper tolerably tight by doubling them over each other, so as to make a fold, and then hammering the joints flat.

He fastened the pipe thus formed to the upper side of the central board of his bellows, at the narrow end, so that the air from the upper compartment could pass through it. He then joined the three boards together at the place where the pipe had been fixed, with hinges made of his seal-skin leather. Thus the frame—or, as he called it, the skeleton—of his bellows was finished. He next covered the sides with thin seal-skin leather, which he first cut into the proper form, and then nailed securely all around the edges of the three boards. He had previously made the necessary valves in the middle and lower boards.

The work of constructing the bellows occupied a full week. When it was finished Mr. Raynal showed it to his companions. He tried it in their presence, and showed them that it would give a full and continuous current of air, entirely sufficient for the purpose intended. The men were astonished at his success, as indeed Mr. Raynal himself was. They considered the bellows a master-piece of mechanical art, and all their doubts and fears about the possibility of building a vessel were dispelled. They were ready to go to work immediately, under Mr. Raynal's direction, and see what could be done.

Mr. Raynal at once formed a system of organization for the regular and methodical prosecution of the work. It was agreed that George and Harry should take charge of procuring food, by hunting seals, and also of the cooking and of all the interior work of the cabin, in order that the other three, being released from all participation in the duties of the household, might devote themselves exclusively to the work of building the vessel.

The first thing was to provide a supply of charcoal. This work Aleck undertook; and a very heavy undertaking it was. He gathered, with infinite labor, a quantity of wood from the neighboring forests, equal in amount to one or two cords. This he made into a compact pile, and covered it carefully with turf. He then set the heap on fire in the usual way, by pouring down burning coals into a hole left for the purpose in the centre of the pile. But the most difficult and laborious part of his duty was the watching of the heap while it was burning. The turf covering would be affected by the heat, and would open crevices through which the burning wood within would continually burst into flame. These flames it was necessary to extinguish immediately by closing the opening with more turf, so that poor Aleck had no rest day nor night. Sometimes he was aroused twenty times in a night to suppress the flames, which, if they had not been arrested, would have converted the store of wood which he had collected with so much labor into ashes instead of coal. As they required an unceasing supply of coal during all the time that their ship-building operations were going on, Aleck was obliged to continue this exhausting labor and almost sleepless vigilance for many long weeks, but his resolution and his patience never failed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SAVED BY THE SEA.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

A soft sandy beach, with a back-ground of clayey cliffs, grass-grown toward the top, and leading, when you had climbed them, like Jack's immortal bean-stalk, to quite a new country of flat fields and hedgerows and trees; a *caserne*, and lines of ramparts and fortifications; a tall column in the distance, surmounted by an imperial figure; on the beach, bathing-boxes and machines, and sturdy professional bathing-women, whose sex is only indicated by negations such as the lack of positive beard; on the beach, too, groups of loungers, and joyous strings of bathers hurrying in and out of the water; on the water, a few fishing-boats and a far-off steamer or two; on the cliffs, soldiers in blue coats and white gaiters; to the right, if you look from the water, a port, a pier, and a town; to the left, the ruins of an old fort; and, over all, a bright, blue, cloudless sky, in the light of which every object looks sharp, as if cut in card-board: these are the chief components of the scene which serves as a stage for the story I am about to tell. Nobody needs to be told that I have been describing a watering-place on one of the coasts of France. Go into the town and study its society, and you will find it, to a great extent, the paradise of rowdyism, British and American; the sanctuary and protecting altar of the fraudulent bankrupt, the Alsatia of the broken-down swindler, the retreat of ruined reputation, the resting-spot to which discomfited blackguardism falls back for a fresh spring. But if you only wander a little outside the town and the hotels and lodging-houses and the *établissement* and the news-rooms, you will come upon a life as unlike that I have been describing as the life to be found five miles inland from the banks of the Rhine—either way, at Coblentz or St. Goar—is to that which you meet at the steamboat stations.

There came to this French town some years ago, fate-impelled, a young American gentleman and his sister. They were orphans; they had some fortune—not much, but enough to live quietly and travel on—and one of the two, the girl, was in weakly health. They went about Europe a good deal in search of health for her, and they did not find it. They came at last to this particular town, and there, by what must have been a singular chance, its fresh, sharp breezes, and its exposed situation, seemed to do good to the invalid and revive her, although most of her physicians had warned her against just such a locality. She took, in fact, a liking to the place; and so her brother hired lodgings for her and himself outside the town and near the cliffs. They lounged along the beach in the sun every day; they made a few acquaintances; the girl, to whom no medicine in the world could do any good, was happy, or as nearly so as might be, while she was allowed to linger there. The place could not give her life, but it gave her some little brightness during the closing days of her life, and a happy delusion under which she believed in her own possible restoration to health and to her native land. When she died—which came to pass rather suddenly, and almost without pain—the physicians were surprised that she had lived so long, and attributed the fact in great measure to the liking she had taken for the place, and the pleasure its sea-beach and its scenery gave her. Therefore her brother felt gratefully toward the spot which she had loved, and which had cheered her fading days; and he lingered there, vacant of purpose but bound to the place, after her remains had been laid in the Protestant church-yard.

The young American girl had not made many friends, and, of course, had not mixed at all in the queer foreign society, English and American chiefly, which gained for the town its odd reputation. Two especial friends of her own sex she had, and, of course, being her friends, they had the friendship of her brother as well. One of the friends would have reflected, in the genteel opinion of society on the beach, little credit on the American lady. The wives and sisters and daughters of the most shady and seedy of the bankrupt refugees in the town would doubtless have scorned to acknowledge any friendly relations with such a person. For it was a fisher-girl—a poor, simple fisher-girl—who carried a basket on her back, and commonly tramped the beach with skirts, or a skirt—I doubt if she had more than one—as short as any ballet-dancer's, and no stockings or *maillots* or any covering whatever for the well-developed, firm, symmetrical legs, which the sun was free to scorch and the waves to drench and any one with an eye for form to admire all day long. The other friend of our American sister was a young French lady about her own age, Lucille Desterre by name, who lived with her father in an oddly shaped, rambling white house, with fantastic gables and green *jalousies* and a weather-cock, which stood in a field right over the cliffs, and sometimes flashed in the sunlight like a meteor across the eyes of passengers on the deck of the English steamers miles away.

The American girl had made the acquaintance of both these on the beach, and the acquaintance had ripened into warm and sincere friendship. With the free ways of unmarried women in her own country, she talked to the barelegged fisher-lass as frankly as to the young French lady. She and her brother were frequent visitors at the *château* on the heights, and her death, when it came, threw that house into grief, and sent the fisher-girl into passionate prayer before the shrine of the Virgin, Star of the Sea, whose wooden form, all bedizened with glaring blue and gold, looks out everlastingly across the waters.

The point of all this introduction is that Frank Churchill, the young American, grew to be deeply in love with Lucille Desterre, and unconsciously taught her to love him. He began to have thoughts of settling down in this French sea-port which was the grave of his sister and the home of his love. M. Desterre, the father, quite approved of our hero's plans, love projects and all, and our hero had no one else to consult on the matter. Every thing ought to have gone perfectly smooth, and would doubtless have done so, but that two emperors intervened. The Emperor Napoleon and the ill-fated young man who was called for a short time Emperor of Mexico struck a heavy blow at the peace of our lovers. For M. Desterre was an old soldier, and a devoted Bonapartist, and he went in with extravagant hope and delight for the policy of the Mexican intervention, which Churchill, as a true American and advocate of the Monroe doctrine, felt bound to oppose and condemn. So they debated and then disputed, and at last Desterre not merely would have a quarrel, but declared, with all possible solemnity, that his daughter should never, never have his consent to marry one who was obviously an enemy of Napoleon, and, by necessary consequence, a foe to France, and an obstructer of her high providential mission.

By this time, too, the American civil war had swelled to such proportions that Churchill grew ashamed of himself for vegetating on a sunny foreign sea-beach, while his friends at home were in arms for their country. Were he a favored and happy lover, were he a bridegroom of twelve hours' date, he felt that he must none the less have gone to take a post in the Federal army; and now that clouds looked so black on his love-suit, he really saw nothing better for him to do than to go to the war and fight and die in a good cause. Bitterly as Lucille felt the parting, she saw only too clearly that it was inevitable. Time, she hoped, would change her father's determination; time, even in France, sets daughters at last free to choose husbands for themselves, independently of their fathers' will; and, moreover, it was not hard to persuade a spirited French girl, child of an old soldier and patriot, that her lover owed a duty to his country more immediate than even the fealty which he owed to his love. "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more," are noble words which Lucille Desterre could have appreciated and taken to heart better than most girls. The late civil war has taught most American girls to feel and value the spirit which inspires them.

I have already said that at the extreme left of the picture presented to one who looks from the water on the scene I have described stands an old ruined fort. It is built on a low-lying little promontory which straggles into the sea. The changes which such a shore is constantly undergoing have of late so dealt with the situation of this poor ruin as to subject it, twice a day, to a sea-bath, rising nearly to its battlements. The ground on which it stood has been steadily sinking for generations; and now the old square tower, which at one time must have been meant to guard the harbor and domineer over the sea, stands far down below the level of the cliffs and the table-lands of fields and roads; and, indeed, the rising tide sometimes menaces to submerge it altogether. One can easily climb its ruined stairs, mount to the grass-grown floor at the top, and there watch the waters swell and swell until they come within a few feet of the spot whereon you stand, and you seem almost as isolated from the land as if you sat on a lonely rock in mid-ocean. Indeed, a very pleasant, piquant, odd, romantic sort of sensation may be enjoyed by mounting to the top of this old fort, while the tide yet allows you, and there, seated safely, watching the waves rise and rise till they surge and splash almost to your very feet, and you look abroad over a waste of sea which seems every moment as if it would swallow up your resting-place and yourself—until, at last, the waters begin to recede, and you see your way to land again.

But people in general did not trouble themselves to enjoy this sensation. The residents of the town and the neighborhood never thought of such a thing, and it need hardly be said that the visitors of a season from Paris and London cared only about dressing for the bath, and dressing for the promenade, and dressing for the *table d'hôte* dinner and the ball at the *établissement*, and so on. Churchill, however, with the restlessness and desire for new situation properly belonging to his country, soon and often explored the old ruin, and enjoyed the sensation of being surrounded there by the fierce-looking, harmless waves. Now that he could no longer see Lucille at her house, the lovers, I grieve to say, turned this grim old water-girt ruin to quite a new and uncongenial purpose—they made it a rendezvous, and had some sad, sweet meetings and partings there. And now Churchill is going away—actually going for Heaven knows how long—going to war, and perhaps to death! Just the old story—old in the days of Andromache—in the days of the Crusaders; as fresh and real as ever in the hours of Antietam and Custozza—the lover goes to the war, the woman remains at home and weeps and hopes and prays and is sick at heart.

The sun was sinking red and fierce behind heavy clouds when Churchill was taking leave of Lucille, and they yet stood safe from observation behind one of the unbroken battlements of the old fort. They were renewing for the hundredth time or so in that one meeting their mutual pledges of eternal fidelity.

"You will write often, often, to your Lucille?"

"I will never fail, dearest. It makes me happy to think that our letters at least can reach each other. That dear, good girl will take care of that."

"Yes. Is she not a faithful creature, that good Nanette? And I will lay fresh flowers every morning on our loved Rose's grave."

"Your father, dearest, will not object to that, however he may now dislike me?"

"Oh no, no; he is too good and kind—"

"Kind!" repeated Churchill, rather bitterly.

"Kind in his way, *mon ami*. Oh, do not judge him harshly, for my sake! He will change—he will yield—he will be sorry and miss you when you are gone."

Churchill shook his head sadly.

"And now," Lucille said, with dimmed and moist eyes, "I must return home, my loved one. My father will expect me."

Her lover looked over the broken rampart and started.

"Lucille, dearest child, we have allowed the time to go by—at least *I* have—and the sea has risen far above the doorway."

"Ah, mon Dieu!" she screamed with a wild alarm, and she looked over the wall and saw that what he told her was only too true. "Oh, what to do! My father, what will he think?"

"*M'amie*, it is but a short delay—two or three hours or so, and this is our last meeting! You are safe here—as safe as if you were at home."

"Oh, Frank, you did not mean this—you did not keep me here purposely?" She looked anxiously in his face.

"My love, no; I never thought of it; my mind and memory were wholly wrapped up in you. But now that we are made prisoners here, I can not say that I am very sorry for it—I can't indeed! I feel rather grateful to the sea. This is our last meeting."

"If my father should know! If the people should hear!"

She turned perfectly white and trembled. Her fear and agony were intensely real. Poor Churchill, long as he had now been in France, had not realized sufficiently to himself the cramped and manacled position of a French girl. The expression on Lucille's face now brought the reality of the situation only too plainly to his mind. Descent by the stairs was wholly impossible for Lucille, and the strip of strand between the fort and the cliffs was now a green channel of dashing sea. Lucille clasped her hands and looked almost as one in despair. Churchill had read Octave Feuillet's "Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," and began to think the only course left for him was to imitate the hero of that famous story, leap from the roof of the tower and take his chances, thus at least securing Lucille from scandal. Perhaps Lucille had read the book too, and guessed what was passing in his mind, for she suddenly flung her arms around him and held him with a strength he had not anticipated.

"No," she exclaimed, "never! You shall not risk your life in that sea. Better any thing than that!"

"No danger, love. I can easily and safely get to shore, and then I will send help to you."

"Never! I will leave this place if you do. You shall not go. Ah, see, the good God has seen us, and sends help. Look yonder—a boat!"

Indeed, a small boat had put out from the shore some distance off, and having gone a little way out to sea, apparently to get out of the force of the ground-swell, was now making for the fort. It came nearer and nearer, and the lovers watched it with eyes of hope and anxiety. At last they could see that there was only one rower in it, and that it was the fisher-girl, Nanette.

The sea was not high enough to allow the lovers to get into the boat from the roof.

"*Vite! vite!* the lower windows!" cried and gesticulated the stalwart fisher-girl, as she stood in the tossing boat, firm and steady as if her feet rested on the beach itself. Churchill, who had a little of the artist's soul, could not refuse even at that moment to admire the strength and grace and composure of her attitude; the supple, strong form which had never been cursed by a corset; the round, straight limbs which high-heeled boots had never disjointed.

"Nanette!" he exclaimed, a flash of joyous humor succeeding to the pain of the previous moment, "you are worth ten thousand lectures on Woman's Rights! Come to my country, and you shall take the lead of Cady Stanton!"

The speech was wholly lost on poor Nanette, who only smiled and showed all her white teeth good-humoredly, as a sort of acknowledgment of something which she presumed must be meant for a compliment.

"*Tenez*, mademoiselle," she cried, above the sound of the dashing waves; "it was well, was it not, that I saw something on the top of the tower, and guessed it was you? But descend to the lower windows. Bring her down, monsieur, then I will bring the boat in. The miserable sea is so rough I am afraid the boat may be dashed to pieces."

All this was said in a *patois* which I certainly shall not endeavor to reproduce here. It was about half intelligible to Churchill; but what he could not quite understand he guessed at. The fisher-lass was now seated at her oars again. She had enough to do to keep the boat from being dashed against the old fort, for the sea was very rough, and the last flashes of angry red across the heavy cloud-banks in the west seemed to promise a very bad quarter of an hour to come.

Churchill hurried Lucille down the broken stairs. Now the lower floor was an almost utter ruin. The centre had all given way, and fallen through. A portion of the flooring still clung to the side where the staircase was, and thence you might creep along a narrow ledge to the window which looked on the sea. This window was large enough for any one to get out of, and it had a wide and strong ledge on which two or three persons could cling or stand. The sea was now nearly level with this window.

Lucille trembled for a moment as she reached the step of the staircase which was level with this crumbled floor, and she saw the narrow ledge along which she would have to crawl in order to reach the window. Churchill, holding her hand, knew that she started and shivered.

"Dearest Lucille, you are nervous, you are afraid! Do not venture. Come back to the roof again, and wait. It will be only a few hours, and you will be safe there. Nanette will stay with us. Come back!"

"No, no, it is impossible! I dare not. Oh, you do not know what would be said! I am not afraid. Go on and hold my hand. You will see that I am not afraid."

"Turn your face, then, to the wall, dearest. Come, that is right! Courage! Why, this ledge is broad enough to dance on. You should see Blondin! How happy for you to have such pretty little feet. There would be room enough for the feet of two such Cinderellas on a sidewalk like that. Good again! Do you hear Nanette calling? Capital lungs that girl has! Now, then—one step more—give me both your hands, ah, [illegible]! Here we are at last!"

Thus talking and laughing—partly to keep up her courage, and partly to relieve his own wild excitement—Churchill crept along the ledge, firmly holding Lucille's hand, and watching with keen and eager eye, that pierced even through the growing darkness, every step she made. Where he could get a firm gripe of any stone in the broken wall he felt comparatively happy and safe; for he thought that, even if Lucille should miss her footing and slip, he yet could hold her up and raise her to the edge of the broken floor. At last she crouched with him safely in the deep old window, and Churchill drew a long breath of relief, although they were now in the teeth of a fierce wind, that howled through the aperture which held but did not shelter them.

Tossing in her boat outside sat the bold Nanette. She had been rowing round the old fort, lying to as well as she could, after running considerable risk of having an oar broken by the fierce, chopping blows which the sudden waves dealt. When she saw the lovers on the window she set her teeth hard and began to row cautiously toward them, while she talked to the winds and waves, and argued with them and scolded them, as if they were naughty and mutinous young sisters.

"*Ça, chien!* Will you again? *Va, donc, miserable!* Strike again, will you, then! That costs! That says be quick! *Maligne*, you there! That blinds the eyes, though, and one can not see! For all that, I come round again! Softly, now, and gently! Ah, little pigs of waves! So, once more! Courage, beyond there! *Voilà*, Nanette, who comes to save the sweet demoiselle!"

Churchill had one arm round Lucille's waist, while with the other he held firmly to the window. He knew that if Nanette could succeed at a favorable moment in bringing the boat close up to the window, not a second must be lost. The little craft could not keep tossing and dashing there a minute of time without being smashed. So he watched, with eager, fierce eyes, for the one favoring instant when he could lift Lucille into the boat—and then it did not matter about him. He could return to the roof and wait there until the tide turned; and it would, indeed, be better so, for then no one could see him landing with Lucille; and so all talk and wonder and scandal would be avoided.

Now, Nanette! now, Churchill! The moment is coming; the boat draws cautiously near and near. Nanette is a brave oarswoman, and has the eye, the wrist, the nerves, of one who is at home on the sea, and to whom danger is only a stimulant and a quickener. With skill and care and courage she approaches, her teeth set hard, her eyes wide open. One instant more—alas! a wild, fierce gust rushes over the sea, "straight from the sunset," dashes the waves into a more wild and broken fury than had raged before, and smashes the boat again, again, and again, up to the rugged stones of the tower's wall. The waves and the stone seemed to crush, or rather to crunch, the poor little boat, as the jaws of Martin, the bear, might crunch a nut; and while Lucille gives a wild scream, and Churchill a deep, savage cry of disappointment and vexation, the boat goes down, and Nanette is at one moment tossing and struggling in the water, and the next minute clinging, like a wild-cat, to the ledge of the window. Then Churchill flings his arm round the dripping girl, and lowering himself so far out of the tower that the waves lashed him and almost blinded him, he dragged Nanette safely into the frame-work of the window.

"*Tenez*, that wets the jupons, that!" was the first exclamation of the undaunted lass. "And the boat gone down! Up, Mademoiselle Lucille! up, monsieur! No time to lose! Must not stay here any longer or we shall have the sea for a lodger. The roof! the roof!"

Yes; there was no time to lose. The boat was gone; the sea was growing wilder and wilder; darkness was setting in. It was hopeless to think of any rescue until the sea should go down, and hours must pass before the tide's descent could bring them release. They hurried along the narrow ledge of floor again, the haste and excitement of the moment giving them no time to think even of Lucille's danger. They scampered, like mad school-boys, up the stairs, and when they got to the roof Nanette flung herself down and rolled about on the grass in paroxysms of delight. The whole thing was quite a wild, delicious adventure to this absurd girl, who now indulged, first, in a roll on the ground, and next in a frantic dance, to relieve the exuberance of her mermaid spirits.

It must be owned that Churchill, too, had liked the adventure well enough so far. But he looked now doubtfully across the driving waters, and he held Lucille's hand firmly in his own, as one clings to a loved being in some moment of supreme crisis.

Presently Nanette gave over her gleesome *carmagnole* and looked out over the water too. She became serious in a moment. She pushed back the hair which had fallen over her eyes, then cleared the eyes of the sea-spray which had gathered on them, and steadily studied the scene. Churchill read the expression with which she turned to him.

"The sea will rise high to-night," said the fisher-girl, "high, monsieur, over this tower. If no one sees us and no boat comes out—ah, well, *c'est fini!*"

"I knew it," said Churchill.

"And I," exclaimed Lucille, passionately—"and I am not afraid! I am glad that we should die together."

"Ah, yes, *par example*," murmured the poor fisher-girl; "but *my* lover, *à moi*, is yonder, away in the town!"

That evening M. Desterre sought wildly every where for his daughter. That she should be out after sunset was strange; and when the storm came on he was filled with almost frantic fears on her account. He ran down to the beach, and there heard the startling news that a plank of a boat known to belong to the fisher-girl, who was Lucille's special friend and *protégée*, had been flung ashore by the rising tide, and that the girl's lover was in despair about her. M. Desterre at once assumed that his daughter had gone out in the girl's boat, had been overtaken by the storm, and had perished. The wretched father's agony was intense, and it was imbittered by the knowledge that he had trampled on his daughter's love scheme. When things went well with M. Desterre he was a tremendous Voltairean; but now, in his prostrate misery, he collapsed into the most abject of devotees. There was on the beach, as has been already stated, a flaring shrine and hideous image of the Virgin. M. Desterre flung himself before it.

"*Maria sanctissima!*" he exclaimed; "give me back my daughter! Star of the Sea, save my Lucille. Send her to me once more, and—and—*par Dieu*" (and all the eloquence of the prayer broke down into a sob and simple nature), "she shall marry any one she likes to-morrow!"

"*Parole d'honneur*, M. Desterre?" cried a cheery voice in his ear, and Frank Churchill, dripping, bruised, bleeding, with a wondering crowd after him, stood before the astonished father and held out a wet hand.

"M. Churchill! Where do you come from? Where is my daughter?"

"Your daughter I will restore to you in twenty minutes, with the help of a stout boat and any two brave boys here. She is in the old fort with Nanette, the fisher-girl; but there is not a moment to lose, for the sea is almost level with the roof!"

Needless to say that the boat was manned and launched, and the two girls were rescued. There was, indeed, no time to lose. What had happened was simple. When Churchill saw that it was idle to think of attracting the attention of any one on shore, he gave Nanette a quiet hint of his determination; and while she threw her arms round Lucille he flung himself into the sea. A wild shriek from the fort rang in his ears as he plunged into the dark, cold, angry water. He felt very confident of reaching the shore, for he was a stout swimmer, and the tide was rising fast. His great danger, indeed, was that he might be driven ashore too soon, and so dashed against part of the rocky promontory, on the extreme point of which stood the fort now so nearly submerged. But he kept out as well as he could until he was borne in front of the beach where the lights were; and then he allowed the waves to fling him ashore as they would, and they flung him almost at the feet of the Virgin's statue, and of M. Desterre, who prayed and vowed to her. The waters that night flowed high above the old ruin.

M. Desterre kept his word. His daughter was affianced to Frank Churchill the very next day. But Churchill, nevertheless, went out to fight in his country's great battle. He served all through the war, and returned none the worse, save for the marks of a wound or two, after the fall of Richmond. He is very happy with his French wife now, and they were in Washington only last year.

"We have to thank the Virgin for our happiness," said Lucille to him, piously, one day.

"The Virgin?" replied Frank. "Oh yes, certainly—and also the old fort, and the rising tide!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PARIS lady abruptly entered her kitchen the other day and saw the cook skimming the soup with a silver spoon. She said to her: "Françoise, I expressly forbade you to use the silver in the kitchen." "But, ma'am, this spoon was dirty!"

A little boy in the infant class of a Sunday-school was asked by his teacher whether he had learned any thing during the past week. "Oh yes," said he. "What have you learned?" "Never to trump your partner's trick," was the reply.

"I sympathize sincerely with your grief," said a French lady to a recently widowed friend. "To lose such a husband as yours—" "Ah, yes, he was very good; and then, you see, such a misfortune is always great, for one knows what kind of a husband she has lost, but can not tell what kind of a man one will find to succeed him."

TOBACCO.

ESSAY BY A SMALL BOY.

Tobacco grows something like cabbages; but I never saw none of it boiled, although I have eaten boiled cabbage and vinegar on it, and I have heard men say that cigars that was given to them on election day for nothing was cabbage leaves. Tobacco stores are mostly kept by wooden Injuns, who stand at the door and try to fool little boys by offering them a bunch of cigars which is glued into the Injun's hands and is made of wood also. Hogs do not like tobacco; neither do I. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking they thought he was a steamboat, and, as they had never seen a steamboat, they were frightened. My sister Nancy is a girl. I don't know whether she likes tobacco or not. There is a young man named Leroy who comes to see her. I guess she likes Leroy. He was standing on the steps one night, and he had a cigar in his mouth, and he said he didn't know as she would like it, and she said, "Leroy, the perfume is agreeable." But the next morning, when my big brother Tom lighted his pipe, Nancy said, "Get out of the house, you horrid creature, the smell of tobacco makes me sick." Snuff is Injun meal made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff once, and then I sneezed.

"I like to see the dear little creatures amusing themselves," said Mrs. Brown, when her elder boy took the visitor's new bonnet and affixed it to the tail of his kite. "Never fear," said the good matron to her visitor, when she saw her bonnet in the air; "as soon as the kite comes down he will give it to you."

"Jennie," said a landlady to her help the other morning—"Jennie, was there any fire in the kitchen last night while you were sitting up?" "Only just a spark, ma'am," was the reply. The landlady looked suspiciously at Jennie; but the innocent girl went on scrubbing and humming "Katy Darling."

Why should Romeo not have cared for the month of June?—Because it was not July yet (Juliet).

A lady who is trying to cure her husband of smoking has learned to smoke the weed herself, and complains that "it is rather an expensive habit for two."

"Bob, is your sister at home?" "Yes; but she won't see you to-night." "Why?" "Because she said she was going to have one more mess of onions if she never got another beau."

A lawyer of this city has conspicuously displayed in his office the following suggestive notification: "Gentlemen who expectorate on the floor can not expect to rate as gentlemen."

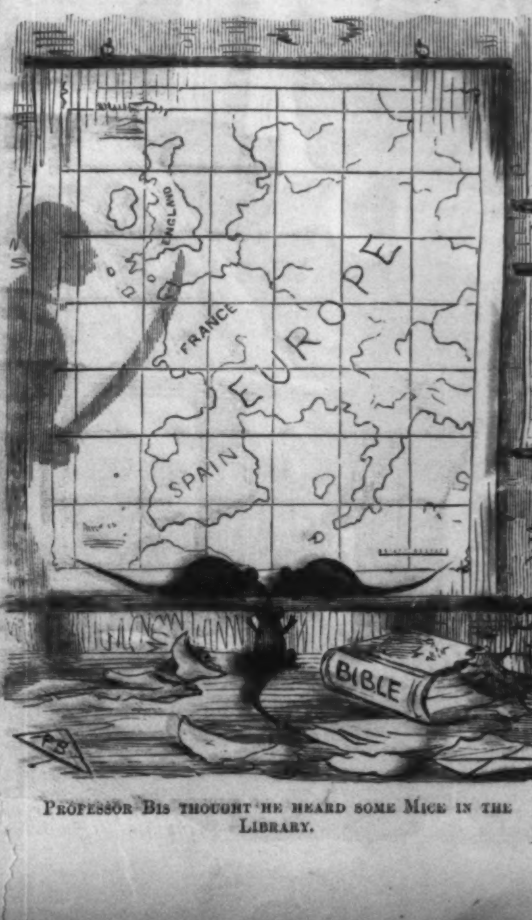
One of the notorious bores of Paris recently took hold of the younger Dumas's button-hole and wearied him with Munchausen-like stories; after one which challenged even more than the others the hearer's credulity, he asked his auditor, "Now aren't you astonished?" The dramatist replied: "Yes, but not by your story; what does astonish me is, that you should ever find ears to pour your story into so long as people have legs to run away from you."

Policeman, spare that dog, touch not a single hair; he worries many a hog from out his muddy lair. O, when he was a pup, so frisky and so plump, he lapped his milk from a cup, when hungry, at a jump. And then his funny tricks, so funny in their place, so full of canine licks, upon your hands and face. You will surely let him live! O, do not kill him—dead; he wags his narrative, and prays for life—not lead. Go, get the muzzle now and put upon his mouth, and stop that bow, wow, wow, and tendency to drought. He is your children's pet, companion of their joy; you will not kill him yet, and thus their hopes destroy. No, policeman, spare that pup, touch not a single hair; O, put your pistol up, and go away from here!

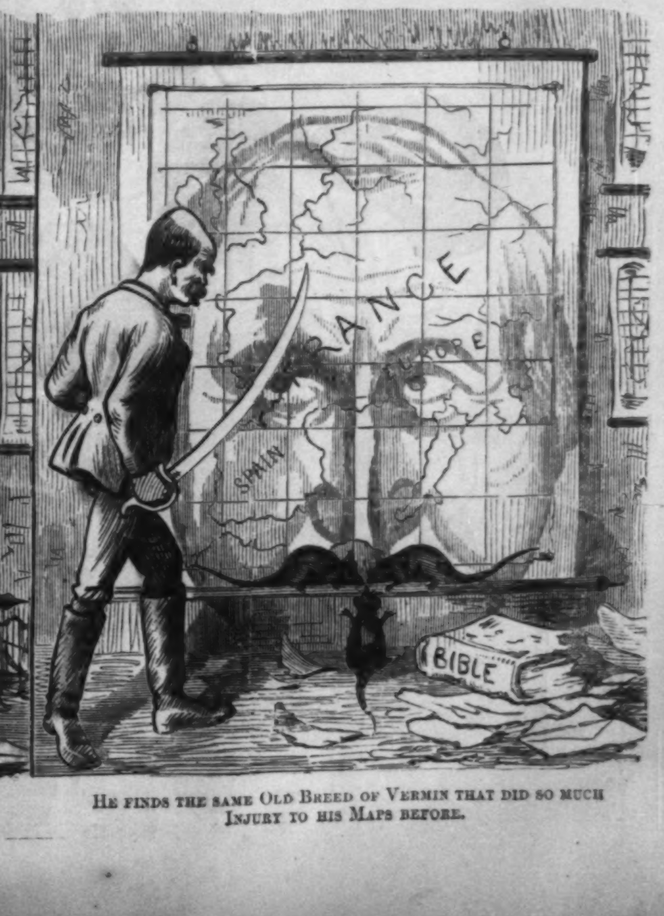
"Mamma," said a little girl to her mother, "do you know how I get to bed quick?" "No," was the reply. "Well," said she, in great glee, "I step one foot over the crib, then I say 'rats,' and frighten myself right in."

A merchant came into a printing-office a short time since, and, seeing a pile of papers lying on the table—it being publication day—unceremoniously helped himself to a copy, and said: "I s'pose you don't take any pay for just one paper?" "Not always," was the reply. Shortly afterward the printer entered the merchant's store and called for a pound of raisins, which was quickly weighed out to him. The printer took the raisins, saying: "I s'pose you don't charge any thing when a fellow don't take but one pound?" "No," said the grocer, after seeing the disadvantage under which he was placed by his own stingy illiberality toward the printer, and said: "When I get any more newspapers from a printer I'll pay for them."

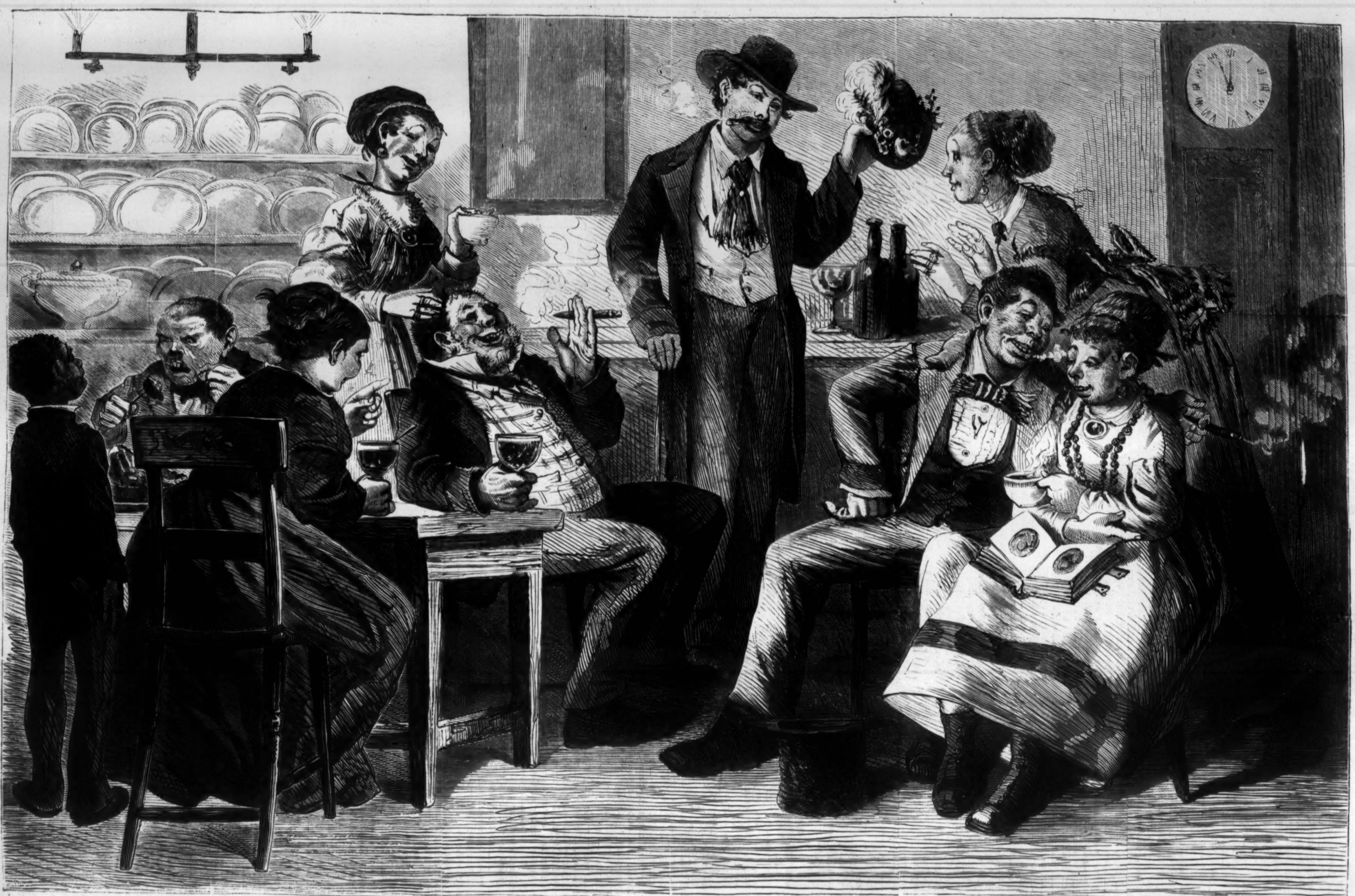
It is said that experienced husbands can tell when their wives are about to ask for money by the way they purse their mouths.



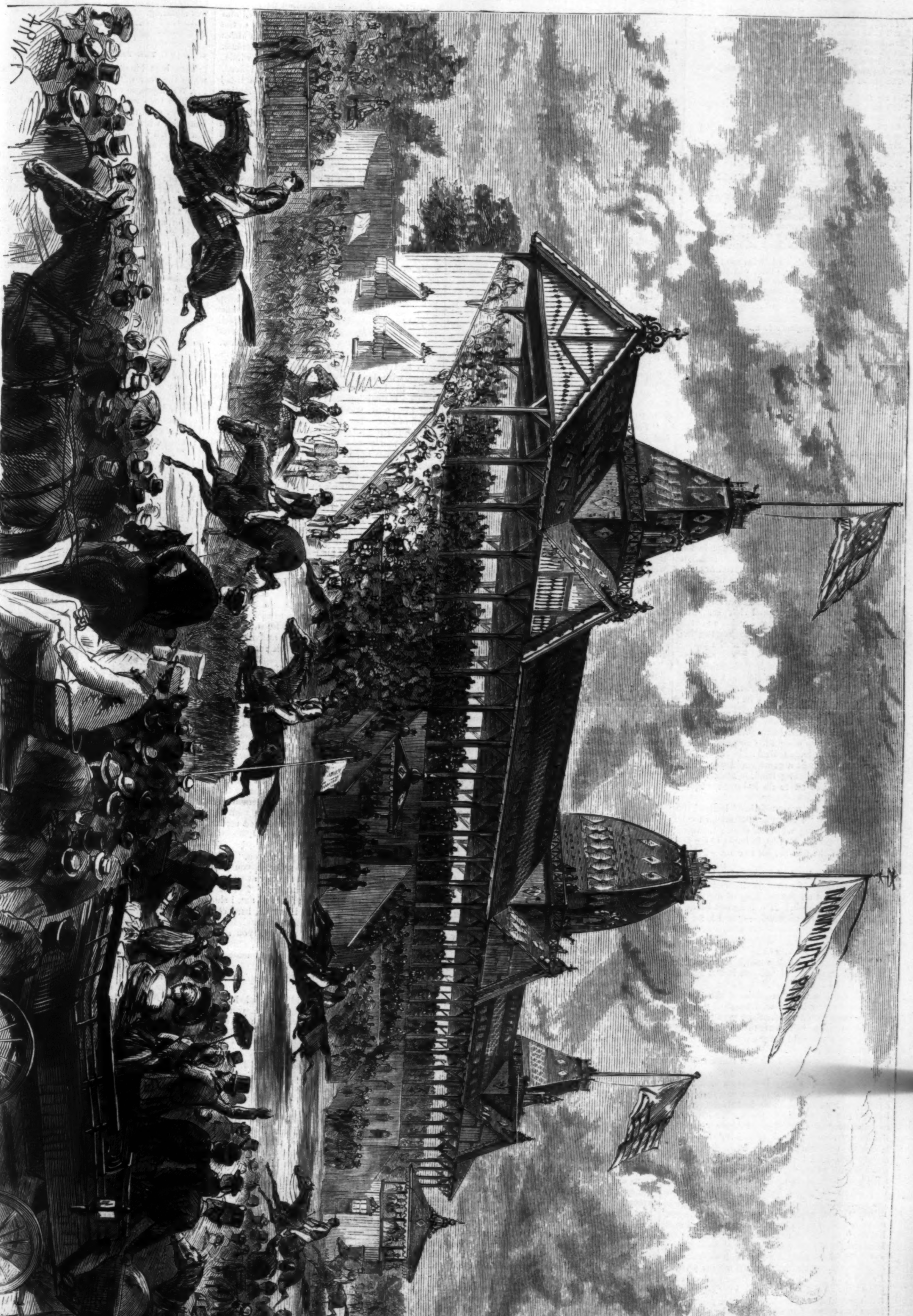
PROFESSOR BIS THOUGHT HE HEARD SOME MICE IN THE LIBRARY.



HE FINDS THE SAME OLD BREED OF VERMIN THAT DID SO MUCH INJURY TO HIS MAPS BEFORE.



"HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS."—DEDICATED TO THE ABSENTEES AT SARATOGA AND LONG BRANCH.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.]


MONMOUTH PARK

GRAND STAND, MONMOUTH PARK—THE HURDLE RACE.—Drawn by A. R. Waud.—[See First Page.]

A COQUETTE'S ANSWER.

You tell me that my life is bound in fetters
Of folly, fashion, vanity, and pride;
That I have made my strongest faults abettors
In trampling my best virtues till they died;
That glitter for true gold my heart has chosen,
And drearily it pays the certain cost—
The fountains of its sweetest impulse frozen,
The graces of its noblest longings lost!

You say that I have learned to value lightly
The happiness of human souls, and look
On pretense and deception daily, nightly,
As pages of some long-familiar book.
You say that nature's gifts, in golden largess,
My acts and aims to barren use apply;
You say—but wherefore dwell upon your charges?
No word among their many I deny.

Yet, friend, it were more needless than denial
To wake the old sad story once again—
Its memories of miserable trial—
The darkness and dejection of their pain!
The days when all grew desolate and cruel
That once I deemed imperishably fair—
The days when I beheld hope's precious jewel
Roll reachless to the black brink of despair!

You know, my friend, with what divine completeness
The measure of my woman's faith was blest;
You saw with what unutterable sweetness
Love thrilled the maiden silence of my breast.
But, ah! the gorgeous dream-web's late unweaving!
Have you forgotten, then? Would so might I!
A lie had fed my fervor of believing,
And love had paid allegiance to a lie!

Sharp agony—stern self-control—the seeming
To move in some strange present vaguely far
From that all-perfect past, an airy dreaming,
And view my fellow-mortals as they are!
Such disenchantment followed. Have I pardoned
The scoffing world that wrought it for me? No.
Imbittered, haughty, skeptical, and hardened,
I deal—and without mercy—blow for blow!

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

AT CROMPTON.

After the bold avowal made at the conclusion of the last chapter, Richard Yorke and his father (for such indeed he was) stood confronting one another, for near a minute, without a word. A tempest of evil passions swept over Carew's swarthy face, and his eyes flashed with a fire that seemed to threaten personal violence. The bull-dog, too, as though perceiving his master's irritation with the stranger, began to growl again; and this, perhaps, was fortunate for the young man, as affording a channel for the Squire's pent-up wrath. With a great oath, leveled alike at man and brute, he raised his foot, and kicked the latter to the other side of the room.

"Impudent bastard!" cried he; "how dare you show your face beneath my roof?"

"How *dare* I?" responded the young man, excitedly, and with his handsome face aglow. "Because there was naught to fear; and if there were, I should not have feared it."

"Tut, tut! so bold a game could never have entered into your young head. Your mother must have set you on to do it—come, Sir, the truth, the truth."

"She did not set me on, father," insisted the other, earnestly. "I came here of my own will. I have been dwelling within a stone's-throw of your house these six months, in hopes to see you face to face. She told me *not* to come—I swear she did."

"So much the better for her," ejaculated the Squire, grimly. "If I thought that she had any hand in this, not another shilling of my money should she ever touch. It was agreed between us," he continued, passionately—"and I, for my part, am a man who keeps his word—that she and hers should never meddle more with me and mine; and now she has broken faith."

"Nay, Sir, but she has not," returned the young man, firmly. "I tell you it was against her will that I came hither."

"The devil it was!" exclaimed the Squire, suddenly bursting into a wild laugh. "If you get your way with *her*, when she says 'no,' you must be a rare one. You are my son for certain, however, or you would never dare to stand here. It was a rash step, young Sir, and might have ended in the horse-pond. I had half a mind to set my bull-dog at you. Since you *are* here, however, you can stay. But let us understand one another. I am your father, in a sense, as I am father, for aught I know, to half the parish; but as to being lawfully so, the law has happened to have decided otherwise. I know what you would say about 'the rights of it;' but that's beside the question; the law, I say, for once, is on my side, and I stand by it. Egad, I have good reason to do so; and if your mother had been *your* wife, as she was mine, you would be with me so far. Now, look you," and here again the speaker's manner changed with his shifting mood, "if ever again you venture to address me as your father, or to boast of me as such, I will have you turned out neck and crop; but as Mr. Richard Yorke, my guest, you will be welcome at Crompton, so long as we two suit each other; only beware, young Sir, that you tell me no lies. I shall soon get rid of you on these terms," continued the Squire, with a chuckle; "for to speak truth must be as difficult to you, considering the stock you come of, as dancing on the tight-rope. Your mother, indeed, was a first-rate rope-dancer in that way, and I rarely caught her tripping; but you—"

"Sir," interrupted the young man, passionately, "is this your hospitality?"

"True, lad, true," answered the Squire, good-humoredly; "I had intended to have forgotten Madam Yorke's existence. Well, Sir, what *are* you?—what do you do, I mean, for a livelihood—beside 'night-watching?'"

"I am a landscape-painter, Sir."

"Umph!" grunted Carew, contemptuously; "you don't get fat on that pasture, I reckon. Have you never done any thing else?"

For a single instant the young man hesitated to reply; then answered, "Never."

"You are quite sure of that?" inquired the other, suspiciously.

"Quite sure."

"Good! Here, come with me."

His host led the way along an ample corridor, hung with tall pictures of their common ancestors, and opened the door of another bedroom. It was of a vast size; and even when the Squire had lit the candles upon the mantle-piece, and those which clustered on either side of the great pier-glass, the darkness did but give place to a sort of shining gloom: the cause of this strange effect was the peculiarity of the furniture; the walls were of bog-oak, relieved, like those of a ball-room, by silver sconces; the chairs were of the same material. The curiosity of the room was, however, the bedstead; this was of an immense size, and adorned above with ostrich feathers, which gave it the appearance of a funeral car; the pillars were of solid ebony, as were also the carved head and foot boards; it was hung with crimson damask curtains, trimmed with gold braid; and upon its coverlet of purple silk lay a quilt of Brussels point lace of exquisite design.

"I will have your traps brought in here," said Carew, throwing away the end of his cigar, and drawing from his pocket a heap of filberts; "it will be more convenient. You will find a room through yonder door, where you can sit and paint to your heart's content."

"You lodge me so splendidly, Sir, that I shall feel like Christopher Sly," observed the young fellow, gratefully.

"Ay, sly enough, I'll warrant," returned the Squire, who had just cracked a nut and found it a bad one. "That's Bred in the Bone with you, I reckon. Look yonder!" As he spoke, a porcelain vase clock upon the chimney-piece struck the half hour, and a gilt serpent sprang from the pedestal, showing its fang, which was set in brilliants. "That's my serpent clock, which always reminds me of Madam, your mother, and the more so, because it goes for a twelvemonth, which was just the time she and I went in double harness. But here are your clothes, and you must be quick in getting into them, for we dine sharp at Crompton.—Watson, go to my man, and bid him fetch a red coat for this gentleman.—You'll hear the gong, Mr. Yorke, five minutes before dinner is served." And with a careless nod to his guest, and a whistle to his four-footed companion, Carew sauntered off.

The young man would have given much to have had half an hour at his disposal to think over the events of the last few minutes, and to reflect upon his present position; but there was no time to lose, if he would avoid giving umbrage to his host by being late. He therefore dressed in haste, and before the first note of the gong was heard was fully equipped. If the Squire, in introducing him to this splendid lodging, had had it in his mind to overcome him by a mere exhibition of magnificence, the design had failed; it was only Yorke's artistic sense that had been impressed; the fact was that the young fellow was of that character on whom superiority of any sort has small effect; while in the present case the signs of wealth about him gave him self-confidence, rather than any feeling of inferiority; insomuch as he considered himself "by rights," as the Squire had said, the heir of all he saw, and by no means despaired of becoming so, not only *de jure*, but *de facto*. Certainly, as he now regarded himself in the pier-glass in his scarlet coat, it was not to be wondered at that he reflected complacently that, so far as personal appearance went, he was not likely to find a superior in any of the company he was about to meet. A handsomer young fellow had indeed never answered the importunate summons of the Crompton gong.

He had no difficulty about finding his way to the drawing-room, for a stream of red-coated guests was already setting thither from their respective chambers, and he entered it with them unannounced. This was the only apartment in the house which did not bear traces of mischievous damage, because, as on the present occasion, it was used for exactly five minutes every evening, and at no other time whatever. After dinner the Squire's guests invariably adjourned to the billiard-table or the library, and the yellow drawing-room was left alone in its magnificence. This neglected apartment had probably excited more envy in the female mind than any at Crompton, although there were drawing-rooms galore there, as well as one or two such exquisite boudoirs as might have tempted a nun from her convent. It was a burning shame, said the matrons of Breakneckshire, that the finest room in the county should not have a lawful mistress to grace it; and it was not their fault (as has been hinted) that that deficiency had not been supplied. It was really a splendid room, not divided in any way, as is usual with rooms of such vast extent, but comprehending every description of architectural vagary—bay-windows, in each of which half a dozen persons might sit and move, and recesses where as many could ensconce themselves, without their presence being dreamed of by the occupants of the central space.

At present, however, the flood of light that poured from chandelier and bracket, and flashed upon the gorgeous furniture and on the red coats of the guests, seemed to forbid concealment, and certainly afforded a splendid spectacle—a diplomatic reception, or a fancy-ball, could for brilliancy scarcely have exceeded it, though the parallel went no farther; for, with all this pomp and circumstance, there was not the slightest trace of ceremony. New guests, like Yorke himself, flocked in, and stood and stared, or paraded the room; while the less recent arrivals laughed and chatted together noisily, with their backs to the fires—of which there were no less than three alight—or lolled at full length upon the damask sofas. These persons were not, upon the whole, of an aristocratic type; many of them, indeed, were of good birth, and all had taken the usual pains with their costume, but a life of dissipation had set its vulgarizing mark on them: on the seniors the pallid and exhausted look of the *roué* was indeed rarely seen—country air and rough exercise had forbidden that—but drink and hard living had written their autographs upon them in another and worse handwriting. Blotches and pimples had indeed so erased their original likeness to gentlemen that it was even whispered by the scandalous that it was to prevent the confusion with his menials, that must needs have otherwise arisen, that the Squire of Crompton compelled his guests to wear red coats. The *habitués* of the place, who were the contemporaries of the Squire, had, as it were, gone to seed. But there was a sprinkling of a better class, or, at all events, of a class that had not as yet sunk so low as they in the mire of debauchery: a young lord or two in their minority, whom their parents or guardians could not coerce into keeping better company; and other young gentlemen of fashion, in whose eyes Carew was "A devilish good fellow at bottom;" "Quite a character, by Jove!" and "A sort of man to know." Among these last was Mr. Frederick Chandos, who had so lately got among the chrysanthemums with his gig-wheels, and Mr. Theodore Fane, his bosom friend, who always sat beside him on his driving-seat, and, in return for sharing his perils, was reported to have the whip-hand of him. Nor was old age itself without its representative in the person of Mr. Byam Ryll, once a master of fox-hounds, now a pauperized gourmand, who, in consideration of his coarse wit and "gentlemen's stories," was permitted to have the run of his teeth at Crompton. This Falstaff to the Squire's Prince Hal was a rotund and portly man, like his great prototype, but singularly handsome. His smile was winning yet, and, in spite of his load of years and fat, he still considered himself agreeable to the fair sex.

For this information and much more, respecting the character of his fellow-guests, Yorke was indebted to a very singular personage, who had introduced himself to him as "Parson Whymper," and whom he now knew to be the Squire's chaplain. The reverend divine was as proud of that office (and infinitely more comfortable in it) as though he had been chaplain to an archbishop. He was the only man present who wore a black coat, and he had a grave voice and insinuating manner, which really did smack something of the pulpit.

"Mr. Yorke," said he, blandly, "I make no apology for introducing myself to you; Carew and I have been just having a talk about you, and he has no secrets from his ghostly adviser. I take your hand with pleasure. I seem to feel it is the flesh and blood of my best friend. Sooner or later, mark me, he will own as much, and, be sure, no effort of mine shall be wanting to insure so desirable a consummation."

Yorke flushed with pleasure, not at the honeyed terms, nor the good-will they evidenced, but at the news itself—the fact of his father having revealed their relationship to him seemed so full of promise—and yet he resented the man's professions, the audacity of which seemed certainly to imply that he was taken for a fool.

"I am sure, Mr. Whymper," said he, stiffly, "I ought to be greatly obliged to you."

"Hush! Not Mr. Whymper, if you please, for that's a fine here. Every body at Crompton calls me 'Parson.' Obliged, Sir! Not at all. It is only natural that, being what I am, I should wish you well. The law, it is true, has decided against your legitimacy, but the Church is bound to think otherwise. In my eyes you are the Squire's only son"—here he made a whispering-trumpet of his brawny hands, and added with great significance—"and heir."

"I see," said Yorke, smiling in spite of himself.

"Of course you do; did you think I was trifling with your intelligence? I tell you that it is quite on the cards that you may recover your lost position, and regain what is morally your own again. Carew is delighted with you, not so much because you saved his stags as because you fought such a good battle with him by the Decoy Pond. He has been consulting me professionally as to whether it would be contrary to the tables of affinity to have another set-to with you. I am sorry my reply was in the negative, for, now I look at you, I do believe you would have thrashed him; but I was so afraid of his getting the better of you, which might have ruined your fortunes."

Richard could only repeat his thanks for the good clergyman's kindness. "You know nobody here, I suppose," observed the latter, "and, with a few exceptions, which I will name to you, that is not of much consequence. It is a shifting lot: they are here to-day and gone to-morrow, as says the Scripture, and I wish they were all going to-morrow except Byam Ryll. That's old Byam yonder, with the paunch and his hands behind him; he has nowhere else to put them, poor fellow." And here Parson Whymper launched into biography as aforesaid.

The clock on the chimney-piece, on which the two were leaning, broke in upon the divine's scarcely less dulcet accents with its silver quarter.

"This is the first time," said Whymper, "that I have ever known your father late; and to you belongs the honor of having caused him to transgress his own immutable rule."

While he was yet speaking a hunting-horn was blown in the hall beneath, and the whole company turned *en masse*, like a field of poppies before a sudden wind, to the door where Carew was standing.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FEAST OF LAPITHÆ.

The host himself led the way down stairs; while the rear of the party was brought up by Mr. Whymper, to whom Yorke attached himself.

When they reached the dining-room, and before they took their seats at the ample table, the chaplain, with sonorous voice, gave a view holloa! which was the Crompton grace.

"It is very distressing to me to have to act in this way," whispered he to his young friend, whose countenance betrayed considerable astonishment; "but it is the custom of the house; and, after all, there is no great harm in it. *De minimis non curat lex*, you know."

"That does not hold good with respect to the law of affiliation, parson," observed Mr. Byam Ryll, who sat on the other side of him, "if, at least, I have not forgotten my *Burns*."

"I always understood that Burns had very loose views upon such matters," returned the chaplain, demurely.

"My dear parson, your remark is like that excellent condiment which I wish I could see at this otherwise well-provided table—caviare to the multitude. Why is it not furnished? You have only to say the word." Here he addressed himself to Yorke: "This worthy divine who sits at the bottom of the table, young gentleman, and who has neglected his duty in not having introduced us, is all-powerful here; and we all endeavor to make friends of him; nor is that circumstance, it is whispered, the only respect in which he resembles the mammon of unrighteousness."

A shadow of annoyance crossed the parson's smiling face.

"Mr. Richard Yorke," said he, "this is Mr. Byam Ryll, our unlicensed jester."

"The parson, on the contrary," retorted the other, with twinkling eyes, "is our Vice, and gives himself every license. What is the matter with Carew to-night? He looks glum. I dare say he has been eating greens and bacon at some farm-house, and is now regretting the circumstance. He has no moral courage, poor fellow, and knows not how to deny his appetite."

"You never did such a wasteful thing in your life, Byam, I'll warrant," said the parson, smiling; "and yet some say that you have been a profligate."

"I know it," replied the gourmand, shaking his head; "and I forgive them. They call me a slave to my stomach; if it be so, I at least serve a master of some capacity, which is not the case with every body."

"You are saying something about *me*, you big fat man," cried Carew, from the other end of the table, and his voice had a very unpleasant grasp in it. "Come, out with it!"

"If our venerable friend does not stoop to deception," whispered the parson into Yorke's ear, "he will now find himself in an ugly hole."

"I was observing that you did not eat your lamperns, Squire," said the stout gentleman, "and remarked that you were in no want of a feeder."

"What's a feeder?" returned the host, ill-temperedly. "If it's a bib, you'll soon want one yourself, for, egad, you're getting near your second childhood!"

"It must have been my plumpness and innocence which suggested that idea," responded the other, smiling. "But if you have never known a feeder, you have missed a great advantage, Squire. When you dine with my Lord Mayor the question is always asked, Will you have a feeder, or will you not? If you say 'Yes,' you pay your half-guinea, and get him. He is generally a grave old gentleman like myself, and much resembles a beneficed clergyman. He stands behind your chair throughout the feast, and delicately suggests what it is best for you to eat, to drink, and to avoid. 'No; *no* salmon,' he murmurs, if you have had turbot already; and, '*Now*, a glass of Burgundy, *if* you please, Sir;' or, '*Now*, a glass of sherry.' If an indigestible or ill-compounded *entrée* is handed, he will whisper: 'No, Sir: neither now nor never,' with quite an outburst of honest indignation; nor will he suffer you to take Gruyere cheese, nor port with your Stilton. The consequence is, that the next morning you feel as lively as though you had not feasted on the previous evening, and convinced that you made a good investment of your half-guinea in securing his services. If there was a feeder at Crompton," concluded the old gourmand, sighing, and with a hypocritical look, "it would be a boon to some of you young fellows, and might produce a healthy and devout old age."

"That's a good one!" "Well done, Byam!" "You won't beat that!" resounded from all sides, for such were the terms in which the gallery at Crompton expressed their approbation, whether of man or beast; but Mr. Frederick Chandos and a few others, inclusive of Mr. Theodore Fane, kept a dignified silence, as over a joke that was beyond their capacities—they reserved their high approval for "gentlemen's stories" only. As for the grim Squire, for whom alone the narrative had been served and garnished, at so very short a notice, he observed upon it, that "when he had used up old Byam's brains he should now have the less scruple in turning him out-of-doors, inasmuch as it seemed there was a profession in town that was just suited to him."

How wondrous is the power of naked wealth—of the mere money! Simply because he had a large rent-roll, this mad Carew could find not only companions of his own calibre—reckless good-for-naughts, or dull debauchees—but could command graybeard experience, wit, the art of pleasing, in one man; and in another (what he was not less destitute of, and needed more), politic management and common-sense. We do not say, as the Squire himself sometimes did, when in a good-humor with his two satellites, that Parson Whymper and Byam Ryll had more brains in their little fingers than all his other friends had in their whole bodies, but it was certain that, even when drunk, they were wiser than the others when sober; the one had astuteness enough for a great statesman (or what has passed for such in England) to hold the most discordant elements together, and to make what is rotten seem almost sound; and, indeed, without his chaplain's dextrous skidding, Carew would long ago have irretrievably lost social caste, and dissipated his vast means to the last shilling. On the other hand, Byam Ryll was gifted with even rarer qualities; he was essentially a man of mark and character, and might have made his fortune in any pursuit by his own wits; but his fortune had been ready-made when he came of age, and he had occupied himself very agreeably instead in getting through it, in which he had quite succeeded. Parson Whymper, who had never known what it was to have a ten-pound note to call his own, was now no worse off than he. They would both have frankly owned, had they been asked, that they detested work of any kind. Yet the chaplain had almost as much business on his hands as the bursar of a great college, in the administration of Carew's affairs, besides filling an office which was by no means a sinecure, in that of his master of the ceremonies. Many a rudeness in that house would have been bitterly avenged, and many a quarrel would have had a serious termination, but for the good offices of Parson Whymper. Nor would Mr. Byam Ryll have been considered by every body to earn an easy livelihood in making jests out of every occasion, to tickle the fancy of a dull-witted audience and of a patron, as often as not, morose; yet the flesh-pots of Egypt had attracted both these men to the Squire's service, their property as well as their will consenting; and in exchange for meat and drink, and lodging of the best, they had sold themselves into slavery. Upon the whole, they were well disposed to one another; the bond of intelligence united them against the rich "roughs" with whom they had to deal; they tilted together, side by side, against the *canaille;* yet each, from the bitter consciousness of his own degradation, took pleasure in the humiliation or discomfiture of the other, at the rude hands of their common master.

"Profession," said Chandos, in reply to Carew's last remark; "gad, your ancient friend is lucky to have found one in these days. They tell me that no young gentleman can now get his living without answering questions, writing down things, drawing maps, and passing— What the deuce do they call them?"

"Hanged if *I* know," said the Squire. "Ask Byam; he knows every thing."

"I say, Mr. Byam," drawled the young man, somewhat insolently, but without being aware that he was addressing a stranger by his Christian name, "Carew says you know every thing. What is it that a gentleman is now obliged to go through before he can get any of these snug things one used to get for the asking? What is the confounded thing one has to pass?"

"Muster," answered Ryll, derisively, as though it was a riddle.

Carew laughed aloud. The nearer a retort approached to a practical joke, provided it was not at his own expense, the better he liked it.

"What did the old beggar say?" inquired Mr. Frederick Chandos, his fair face crimson with anger.

"He asked for the mustard; he didn't hear you," answered the Squire, mischievously; "he never does hear a fellow who lisps."

"I asked you, Mr. Byam," repeated the young man with tipsy gravity, "what is the name of those examinations?"

"The name of the gentleman on my left, Mr. Chandos, is Ryll, and not Byam—except to his intimate friends," interposed the chaplain; "and the name you are in want of is competitive."

"That's it," said the young man, slapping the table, and forgetting both his mistake and his anger in the unaccustomed acquisition of an idea. "Competitive examination is what they call it. Well, you know, there was my young brother—confound him!—looking to me to pay his bills; and, in fact, having nothing to live upon, poor devil, except what I gave him. So, of course, I was anxious to get him off my hands."

"Very natural," assented Carew. "For my part, I could never see what younger brothers were born for."

"You'd see it less if you had one to keep," continued Chandos. "In old times, now, I could have got Jack something warm and snug under government, or in the colonies; and so I should now, but for one thing—that he had to pass one of these cursed examinations first. However, as it had to be done, and as Jack, according to his own account, was as much out of form for one as another of them, I recommended him to try his luck for something in India; for as long as you can keep a fellow on the other side of the world he can't dun you—not to hurt; it ain't like coming and calling *himself;* and you needn't read his letters unless you like. Well, 'India be it,' says Jack; 'that's as good a place as another;' though, in my opinion, he never expected to go there. He thought he had no chance whatever of pulling through, and so did I, for the fact is, Jack is a born fool."

"Did you say he was your brother, or only your half-brother?" inquired Mr. Byam Ryll, with an appearance of great interest.

"My very own brother, Sir," replied the unconscious Chandos, flattered to find such attention paid to him; "and as like to me as one thimble, I mean as one pea, is to another. Well, the strange thing is, the deuce alone knows how it happened, but *Jack got through.*" Here he took a bumper of port, as though in honor of that occasion. "It's a perfect marvel, but the best thing for *him* (as well as for me) in the world. Nobody ever went out under better auspices, for the governor of Bengal is our cousin, and Jack was to school with his private sec.: it's a first-rate connection. Our family has been connected with India for ever so long. I'll tell you how."

"It is a most admirable connection," observed Mr. Byam Ryll; "and the whole circumstances of the case will, I have no doubt, be interesting in the highest degree to the natives of Bengal. Your brother should embody them in a neat speech, and deliver it from the deck of the steamer before he lands."

It is probable that Mr. Frederick Chandos would have so far misunderstood the nature of this observation as to have accepted it as a compliment had not Carew burst into a series of wild laughs, which betokened high approval, and was one of his few tokens of enjoyment. He had evinced unmistakable signs of discontent and boredom before his intellectual henchman had thus struck in on his behalf; and he was really gratified for the rescue. Chandos was muttering some drunken words of insolence and anger; but Carew bore him down.

"Pooh, pooh! Old Byam was right!" cried he, with boisterous mirth. "I dare say all that long story of yours *may* interest those black fellows; but for me, I care nothing about it. It's all rubbish. Be quiet, you young fool, I say; it's too early yet for buffets. Here, bring the beaker."

This was a magnificent tankard, the pride of Crompton, which, at the conclusion of dinner, was always filled with port-wine, and passed round the table. It was lined with silver gilt, but made of ivory, and had a cover of the same, both finely carved. On the bowl was portrayed a Forest Scene, with Satyrs pursuing Nymphs; on the lid was the Battle of the Centaurs; while the stem was formed by a sculptured figure of Hercules. If the artist, Magnus Berg, who had fashioned it long ago in his own Rhine Land, had had foresight of the sort of company into whose hands his work was in these days to pass he could not have hit upon more apt devices. His Satyrs and his Centaurs had here their representatives in the flesh; while the thews and sinews of the son of Alcmene had their counterpart in those of the man who now stood up at the head of that splendid table, and drank such a draught as though the port were porter. It was a feat to hold it with one hand, and therefore Carew did so; but to empty it at a draught was, even for him, an impossibility, for it held three bottles of wine. Though the Squire could be acquitted of entertaining reverence for any thing human or divine, he had a sort of superstitious regard for his beaker, and believed that so long as he had it in his possession—like the "Luck of Eden Hall"—no great harm could happen to him. He attached all the importance of a religious ceremony—and, indeed, it was the only one he practiced—to the using of this goblet, and resented any levity during the process as though it were sacrilege. But to stand up after dinner, and much less to support this elaborate drinking-vessel, was not always an easy matter with the Squire's guests, and so it happened on the present occasion. The usage was, that one held the cover while his neighbor drank from the cup, after a ceremonious bow to him; and it fell to the lot of Mr. Frederick Chandos to perform this latter duty immediately after his host, and while there was still much wine in the goblet. Uncertain as to his footing, and trembling with irritation, as well as with the weight of his burden, he hesitated to drink. Perhaps, in his already wine-muddled brain, he had some vague idea of passing the vessel on, and thereby showing his displeasure; but, at all events, the hesitation was unfortunate for him, for, with a fierce ejaculation of impatience, Carew crammed the great cover on the young man's head, which, like the helmet of Otranto, came down over nose and chin. Maddened with the insult, Chandos dashed the contents of the goblet into what he thought was the Squire's face, but which was indeed the white cravat and waistcoat of his opposite neighbor; and then began a scene that Smollett alone could have described or Hogarth painted. It was as though a concerted signal had been given for a free fight among all the Squire's guests. The one art that was practiced among them was that of boxing, and almost every man present had a neat way of hitting out with one hand or the other, which he believed to be unique, and the effect of which he was most curious to observe. The less skillful with their fists used any other weapons that came handy. The dessert service of Dresden porcelain, elaborately enameled with views of the chief towns of Germany, had once been the marriage portion of a princess, and was justly held to be one of the rarest treasures of Crompton; but it was no more respected now than if it had furnished forth the table of Pirithous. The plates skimmed about like quoits, and all the board became a wreck of glass and china. Above the clamor and the fighting could be heard Carew's strident voice demanding his beaker, pouring unimaginable anathemas against any one who should do it damage, and threatening to unmuzzle and bring in his bear. The servants, not unused to such mad tumults, gathered in a mass at the doorway, and awaited with equanimity the subsidence of the storm among their betters. It came at last, and found the scene of contest not unlike a ship after storm—the decks all but clean swept, and the crew (who had broken into the spirit-room) exhausted.

Richard Yorke, who, with his two neighbors, had taken no part in the affray beyond defending himself from blows or missiles, was even more astonished at the general good-humor that now succeeded than at the fracas itself. If there had been any bad blood among the combatants, it seemed to have been spilled, for there was now nothing but laughter and applausive drumming of fists upon the table. The company were as pleased with their own performance as the holiday faces that greet with such exuberant joy the havoc upon the stage at pantomime time. The *habitués* of Crompton, indeed, were not unlike wild school-boys, with a Lord of Misrule for their master, and "give and take" for their one good precept. Nay, the rude outbreak had even a beneficial effect, for it cut short the orgie, which might, and probably would, have otherwise been prolonged for hours. There was no dissentient voice when Mr. Byam Ryll arose and observed, in demure accents: "Suppose, my dear friends, that we join the ladies."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Dr. Gautz, a celebrated German physiologist, has been applying himself for some time past to experimental investigations for the purpose of ascertaining to what extent internal refrigeration is injurious to the system. Arguing from the extent and number of the epigastric vessels, and their extraordinary influence upon the general pressure of the blood, Dr. Gautz had been led to the conclusion that the extensive use of cold liquids must necessarily contract the minute arteries of the epigastric region and the adjacent organs, thereby increasing the arterial pressure of the blood, and inducing hemorrhage of the lungs, apoplexy, and kindred diseases. A series of experiments upon dogs seemed to give positive proof that such was the natural result. It has been suggested that the startling number of what are termed sun-strokes which have occurred during the present season may have been induced to some extent by the excessive consumption of ice-cold soda-water. Whether or not this idea has any genuine foundation, prudence would suggest a very guarded use of icy drinks at times when the system is in an overheated condition.

Any facts about the coming Polar Exploring Expedition are refreshing during the midsummer heat. If Captain Hall, who is to command the expedition, were ready to start now, we fancy scores of heat-suffering mortals would be delighted to accompany him, and cool off their fevered bodies in the breezes which circle about the North Pole. The Coast Survey and the Smithsonian Institute contribute some scientific men to this expedition.

Among recent commendable provisions passed by Congress is one restricting Senators and Representatives in expenditures for stationery. Hereafter they are to be allowed but $125 each for stationery and newspapers. There certainly is every reason why those in governmental positions should be careful and economical in the use of public money and supplies.

Not long before the death of Charles Dickens, as he was walking with a friend, the conversation turned upon "Edwin Drood." His companion said to him, "Well, you or we are approaching the mystery." Dickens, who had been and was at the moment all vivacity, at once grew serious, and fell into a long and silent reverie, which he never broke during the remainder of the walk.

Men of science abroad, who have some practical knowledge of the subject, express the opinion that the result of the United States expedition to explore the Isthmus of Darien by no means proves that a feasible route does not exist. They believe that the effort should have been preceded by a careful examination of the archives at Madrid having reference to explorations on this isthmus, which can afford valuable information on the subject. A knowledge of the character of the country, of the language, and, above all, the peculiarities of the climate is essential. On the arrival of our expedition at Caledonia Bay, near the end of the dry season, precious time was lost in determining the geographical position of a spot supposed to be important. The wet season began, and the route proposed was found impracticable. An interval in the rains, such as almost invariably takes place in that climate, followed, and advantage was taken of it to continue the effort. The condition in which the explorers found themselves when the rains recommenced shows how great was the lack of every thing essential to success. It is believed by many that a good practical engineer, with the knowledge obtainable before starting, acquainted with Spanish, understanding the varieties of climate thoroughly and acclimated to it, could, with fifty men, easily locate a practicable line.

Jerome Napoleon, grandson of Prince Jerome and Madame Patterson Bonaparte, sailed for France a short time ago in the steamer *Lafayette,* for the purpose of joining the French army on the Rhine. He was educated at West Point.

Lady Franklin, with her niece, Miss Cracroft, came to this country with the expectation of meeting Captain Hall, and hearing from his own lip the result of his explorations in the icy regions, where Sir John and his companions spent their last moments. She has little hope of learning any thing more respecting the melancholy fate of her husband; yet any information respecting those frozen zones has peculiar interest for her. Lady Franklin traveled from England to California by the way of the Straits of Magellan, and is, apparently, in remarkably good health.

Mr. Washburne, the American minister, was in Bohemia when he heard the news of the breaking out of the war. He immediately returned to Paris to consult with his diplomatic colleagues.

The hot Sabbaths of July were severe upon ministers—that is, upon most ministers. Some seem to work regardless of heat. One energetic Congregational minister attended two Sabbath-schools, conducted two prayer-meetings, and preached three sermons, on one Sunday, and was not "used up." We think, however, that he was guilty of "tempting Providence." Mr. H. W. Beecher was more sensible, in announcing, one scorching Sabbath morning, that "on account of the inclemency of the weather" there would be no second service in Plymouth Church that day.

English art journals speak with enthusiasm of a new preparation called "Rouget's fixative," which originally was designed to render chalk or crayon drawings permanent. Recently it has been applied to objects of still greater delicacy with success. A young lady conceived the idea of bathing a butterfly in the spray-like "fixative." The insect looked, for a few seconds, drenched and spoiled. After two or three minutes in the sun, the appearance of vapor had entirely disappeared. Not so the virtue of the process. The wings would bear rubbing between the thumb and finger without losing a portion of their scales! All who delight in entomological researches will be pleased to know so simple a method of rendering the fragile beauties they collect as imperishable as an artificial fabrication.

Eugénie does not hesitate to express her delight that the Prince Imperial will see his first campaign with his father.

A paper was lately read at a meeting of the Victoria Discussion Society in London, entitled, "A Protest against Woman's Demand for the Privileges of both Sexes."

"The Life of Our Saviour," written by Charles Dickens, "to guide the hearts and lives of his children," will soon be published. This volume will be read with much interest.

The tragic death of M. Prévost-Paradol occurred less than two weeks after his arrival in this country. He came over in the steamer *Lafayette,* and the same vessel carried back his remains to his native country. His family consist of a daughter of seventeen, a son of eleven—both of whom came to the United States with him—and a younger daughter who remained in France. The two older children returned to France by the *Lafayette* also, though at the time of sailing it was reported that they only knew that their father was dead. The sad circumstances of his death, and the fact that his remains were on the same steamer with them, had been, it is said, carefully concealed from them, in the hope that they might reach their native land without the sad knowledge. They were at Newport at the time of M. Paradol's death.

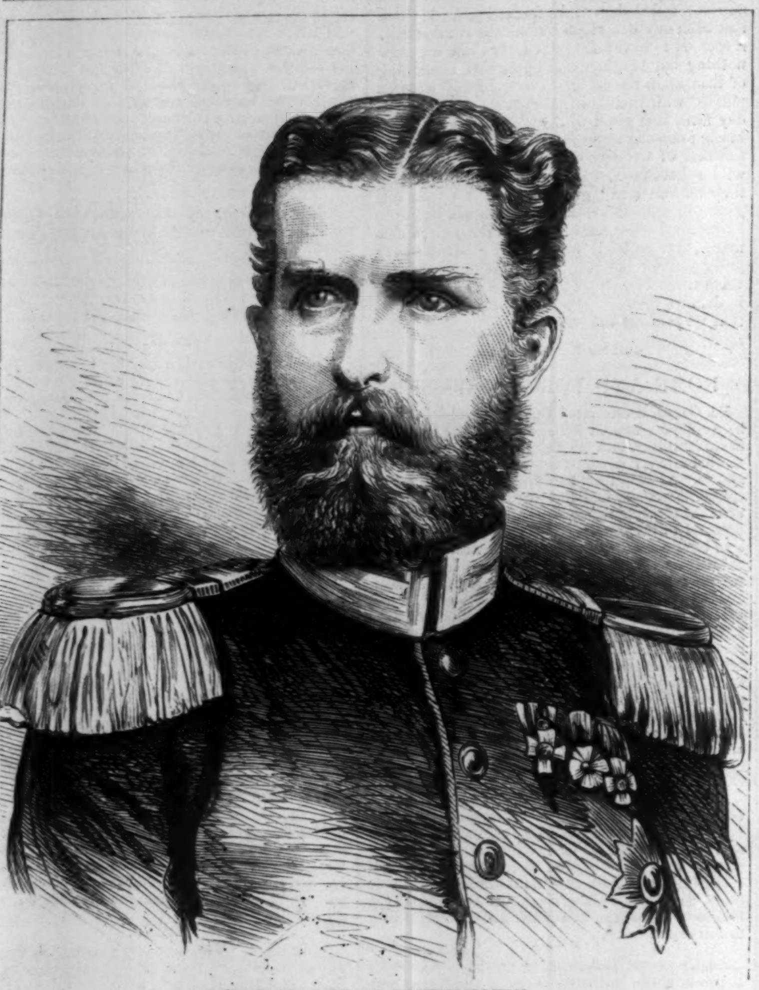
General Nicolas Anne Theodule Changarnier, the commander of the French reserves, is now in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Though he can not be expected to take the field, he will undoubtedly be a valuable addition to the military councils of the Emperor. Years ago he was regarded by the opponents of Napoleon as their leader, yet he has always been highly esteemed by the Emperor, who in 1859 promoted him to the rank of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. His reconciliation with Napoleon, and his present position as supporter of France in the war with Prussia, are significant facts.

Casualties occur almost every year on the Canada side of the Niagara River, owing to the unprotected bank. Not long ago a little boy about five years old, living about half a mile north of the Clifton House, was playing with his little sister in front of their home, when the boy approached too near the bank and fell over. The screams of the girl brought the mother and other persons to her assistance, but some time elapsed before the fate of the lad could be ascertained, since an old path, further down the river, afforded the only means of access to the rocks below. It was supposed he would be found dashed to pieces upon the rocks; and the delight of the agonized mother may be imagined when he was found endeavoring to free himself from the tree-tops, seventy-five feet below the brink over which he had fallen, comparatively unharmed. He suffered a few slight scratches and bruises, but no serious hurt. The little fellow was more fortunate than many others have been.

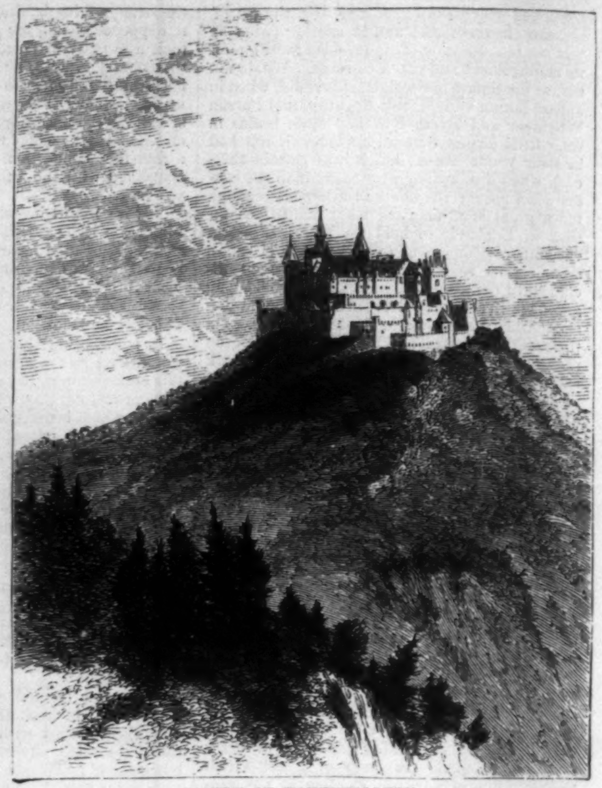
The weather has been hot enough this season to drive the canine, if not the human, race insane. We think the heat must also have touched the brains of some Chicago-ite who gives sundry "valuable directions" concerning hydrophobia. For example, "If you see a dog approaching you with his mouth open, it is a sure sign that he is mad. You will get out of the way at once, knocking down as many baby-carts and apple-women as possible in your retreat. If the dog has his mouth *closed,* it is a sure sign that he is afflicted with *rabies.* He scents water, and the muscles of his mouth have spasmodically closed on that account. If the infuriated animal pursues you, the best means of escape is by leaping through a show-window. The projecting points of glass will discourage the dog from following. Precautions should be taken, lest you be attacked by the proprietor of the shop, who is likely to be mad also. The mere bark of a mad dog does not necessarily engender hydrophobia. A dog usually gets mad when a tea-kettle is tied to his tail. A French dog may be readily rendered rabid, for purposes of experiment, by saying 'Bismarck' to him, with a strong accent on the *s.* Of course a man, bitten by a dog, goes mad too; but if your friend refuses water when he comes to a bar, it is by no means positive proof that he is mad. The best and least dangerous dogs are those that were killed last summer. Wagging the tail is not a symptom of hydrophobia, but if the animal endeavors to stand upright on the end of the same, it is conclusive evidence that he is not right in his mind. As the hair of a dog will cure his bite, it would be an excellent plan to procure a lock of hair from each dog in town. These, properly arranged and catalogued, can be carried in the pocket, and applied promptly after the attack. On showing these directions to any intelligent dog, he, seeing you prepared for him, will leave you and select some easier victim."

The *Jennie Bonnie,* a little yacht of six tons burden, started from the coast of Maine about a year ago, and has made a coast and river voyage from Maine to Missouri. Her crew consisted only of the captain and a companion. The object of the voyage by Captain Carpenter was to obtain a correct survey of the contour of the continent between Maine and the mouth of the Mississippi, and also of the Mississippi River and the lakes. The route taken was a most circuitous one, up and down all the bays and inlets of the Atlantic coast. At one time there was a terrific storm on the coast, when several vessels were wrecked. The little yacht weathered the tempest, riding over the big billows like a feather. The wrecks of six or seven merchantmen were discovered, tumbling about in the waves, but the yacht escaped unharmed. The *Jennie Bonnie,* is on her way across the grand portage to Lake Superior, through Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario, into the St. Lawrence, and around to the coast of Maine to the point where she started from.

"My dear," said a lady to her husband as he left her in the morning to go down town, "be sure and bring 'Dombey and Son' home with you to-night." An attentive waitress, hearing the request, considerately placed two extra plates on the dinner-table for the supposed visitors.



PRINCE LEOPOLD OF HOHENZOLLERN.



CASTLE OF HOHENZOLLERN.

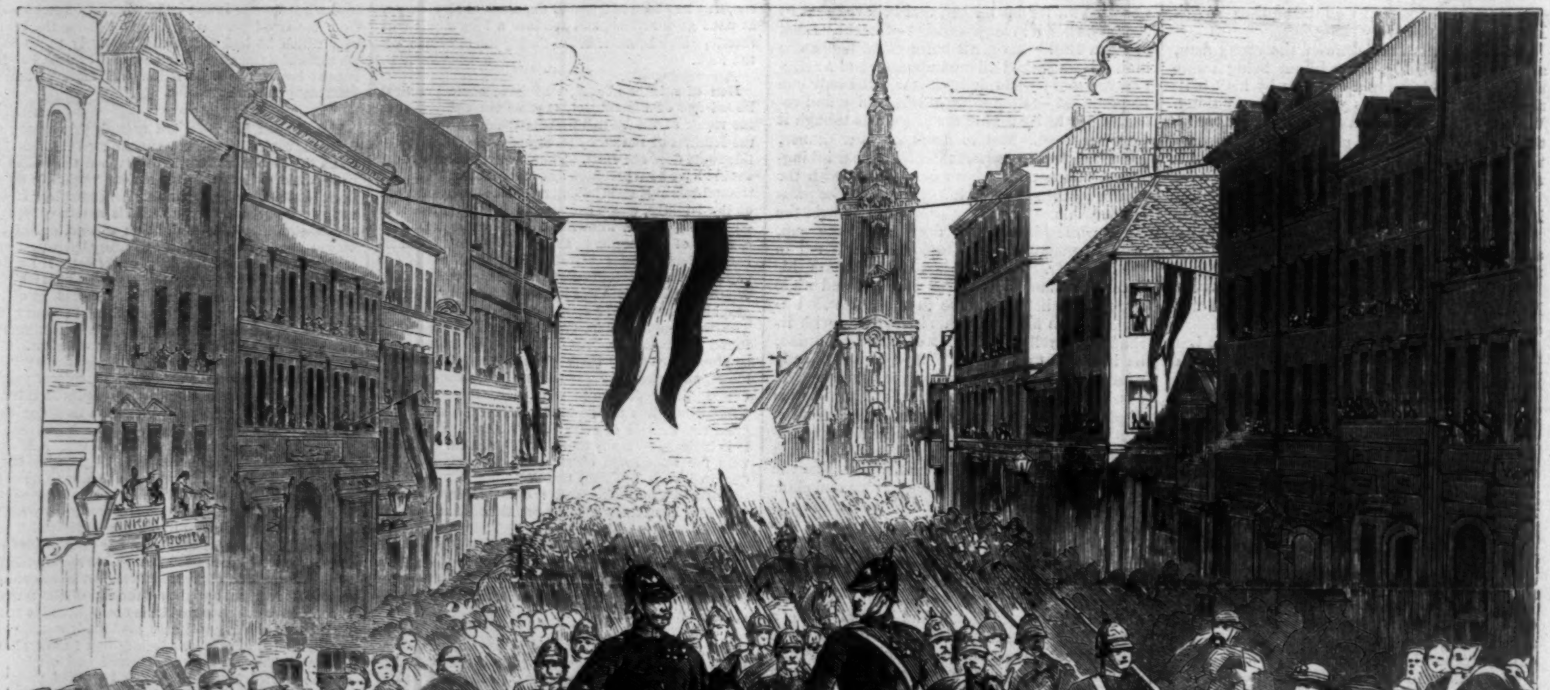
LEOPOLD OF HOHENZOLLERN.

Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, whose candidature for the Spanish throne was so eagerly made the pretext for war by the Emperor of France, is a quiet, reserved, and rather studious man of thirty-five, with a disposition quite the reverse of bellicose. Possessed of great wealth, and taking no part in military or political affairs, he lives the pleasant life of a gentleman of leisure, and probably nothing but his bigoted attachment to the Roman Catholic faith, which may require a firm hand to support it in Spain, induced him to listen to the overtures of General Prim.

The Hohenzollerns, to whom the reigning family of Prussia belongs, date back to the beginning of the ninth century. Its most ancient progenitor mentioned in history is Count Thassilo, whose romantic story is narrated in Carlyle's history of "Frederick the Great." The territory, which since 1849 has formed an administrative division of Prussia, derives its name from a fine old castle, situated on the very summit of a mountain near Hechingen. It lies between Würtemberg and Baden, and contains an area of about 400 square miles, and 60,000 inhabitants. The castle, as well as its situation, as may be seen from our engraving, is exceedingly picturesque. The region it overlooks is one of the most beautiful in all Germany. The mountains, though not attaining any thing like Alpine grandeur, present a charmingly picturesque variety, and every locality has its poetic legend and its association with the old heroic age of Germany. We fancy that Prince Leopold could ill afford to exchange this peaceful retreat for the vain honors of a crown.

MOVING TO THE FRONT.

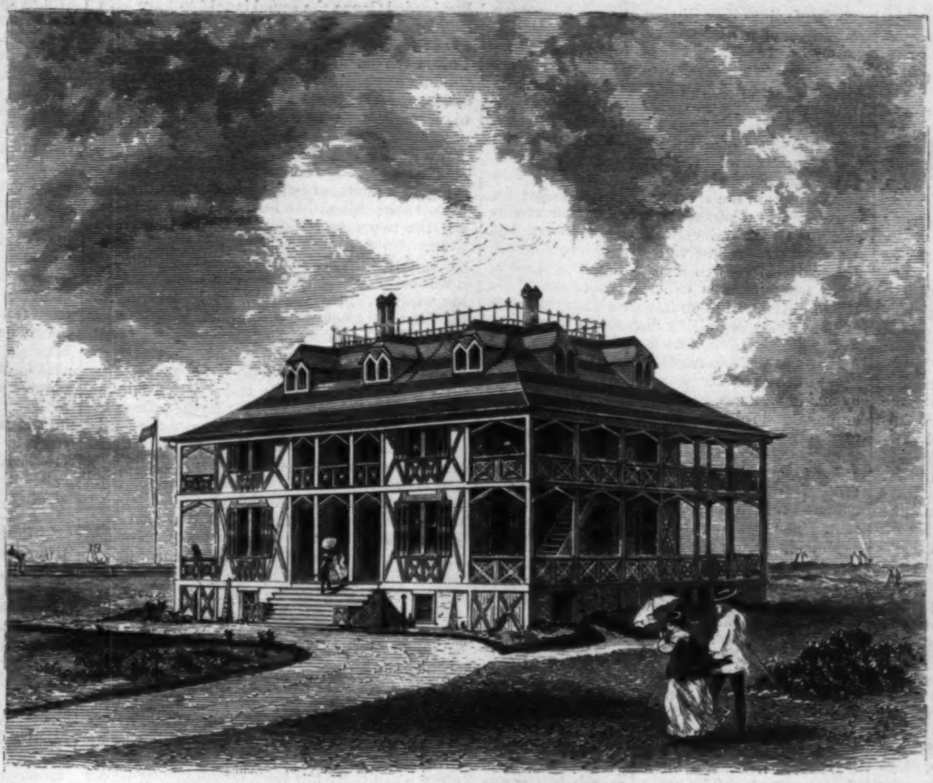
It is reported that Louis Napoleon counted upon disaffection in South Germany as a strong element in his projected promenade across the Rhine, and that the delay in the movement was caused by the unwelcome discovery that he had reckoned without his host, and that the disaffection was confined to a few princes whose importance had been lessened by the overshadowing greatness of Prussia. The mass of the people were found to be true to their old dream of German unity, and as soon as the news of the declaration of war against Prussia was published in Germany an uprising of the people took place very similar to what was witnessed in this country immediately after the firing on Fort Sumter. Throughout all the northern and southern states alike, the greatest enthusiasm was manifested. Every government responded readily to the call for troops, and at once placed its forces at the disposal of Prussia. From every part of the country they were rapidly transferred to the front, and before Napoleon was ready for his dash across the Rhine he found himself in the face of an army equal to his own in numbers, and animated by a far higher enthusiasm. His great opportunity was lost.



GERMAN TROOPS MOVING TO THE FRONT.

THE PRESIDENT'S COTTAGE AT LONG BRANCH.

THE cottage purchased by President GRANT at Long Branch, where he has retired for a brief interval of much-needed repose from the responsible duties of public life, is, as may be seen by our illustration, a very tasteful and elegant bit of summer architecture. It stands directly on the Bluff, some distance beyond the most western of the long line of hotels, and commands a fine view of the ocean on one side, and of the village and landscape on the other. The side of the cottage shown in our illustration fronts the road, from which a winding drive-in leads up to the door. The appearance of the grounds is somewhat barren and dreary; but this is a disadvantage in which all the cottages on the Bluff share alike, as the strong sea-breezes render abortive every attempt at landscape-gardening. Neither tree nor shrub will flourish there; and the utmost that can be done is to cultivate a lawn. Turf, fortunately, appears to flourish; and, with a proper amount of culture, a fine, smooth, velvet lawn can be secured, which lovers of croquet can appreciate. Most of the cottages along the Bluff are thus surrounded, and the wide piazzas, in many cases extending on every side of the building, supply the place of natural shade.


PRESIDENT GRANT'S COTTAGE AT LONG BRANCH.—[PHOT. BY E. W. PACH.]

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

THIS pretty and attractive sea-coast picture, engraved from an admirable water-color drawing by Mr. J. D. WATSON, a popular English artist, represents a scene at Cullercoats, a favorite bathing resort on the English coast. A little fisher-girl, bare-footed, and with a mass of tangled hair falling over her forehead, is dragging a huge fish, almost as big as herself, by the gills, and looking down upon it with evident complacency. It is low tide, and the stretch of sand is broken by protruding rocks, among which lie still, bright pools of water; in the back-ground one long breaker stretches across the picture beneath a sweep of cloudy sky, a gleam of light on the left being reflected in the quiet pools. But is it not almost saddening to reflect how much prettier and more picturesque such a subject is in a painting, from a master's hand, than such a scene in real life would be?

THE LAST SMILE.

WE have all seen in print, and most of us perhaps on real living lips and faces, what is called a sardonic smile. Not all of us may be aware of the alleged origin of that expression. The sardonic laugh of the ancients was an involuntary distortion of the muscles of the mouth, occasioned by a poisonous plant grown in Sardinia; and persons who died of this poison had a smile on their countenance—whence came about the meaning of a forced, or affected, and grimacing smile.

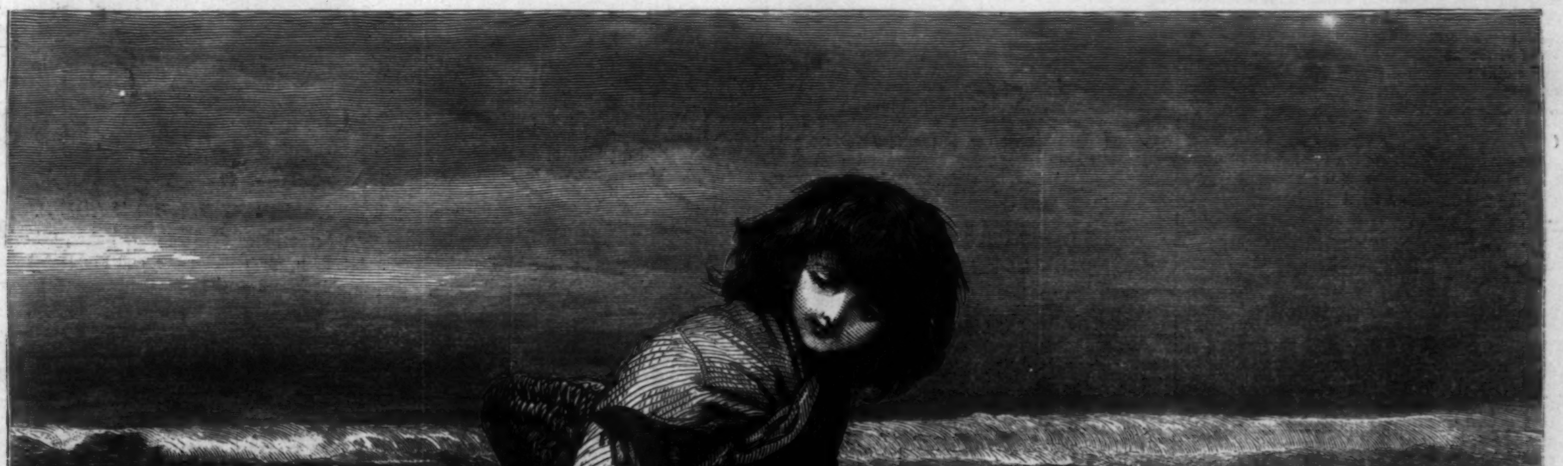
To a mere muscular mechanical movement is referred, by physiologists, the smile, so sweetly the reverse of sardonic, which is to be observed so often on the faces of the dying and of the dead. But under the spell of that suggestive aspect, one is inclined to scout a physiological reduction of it to its lowest terms, in the style of Horatio's objection to a certain post-mortem examination on the part of the Prince of Denmark, that "'twere to consider too curiously to consider so." Edgar Poe adverts somewhere to what he calls "that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death."

Chateaubriand claims, at the time of the exhumations of 1815, to have at once recognized the head of the Queen, "by the smile which this head had directed toward me at Versailles," and which imagination, or some correlative force, so complacently but so unmistakably saw there still. Beattie's letter, announcing the death of Lord Lyttleton, records a "fixed smile on his lifeless countenance." When the amiable doctor, some twenty years later, had to record the death of his own promising son, he was careful not to omit in his instance the like record of a settled smile. Of Geoffrey St. Hilaire it was that Edgar Quinet wrote, "Il s'approche, *en souriant*, de la vérité sans voile"—and this was literally true *in articulo mortis*. "Surely the angels had *straikit* him," said one of the children of that venerable Jameson of Methven who, renowned for a life-long smile, was found dead one morning on the hearth-rug—"*the* smile shining all radiant on his face," as having defied and survived death. Wordsworth devoutly commemorates in a sonnet the "heaven-revealing smile" on the face of the "dear sister, become Death's bride," he lost in 1836. To him that vision sanctified the sway of Death.

Father Eustace, in Scott's "Monastery," is described gazing on the pallid corpse of the Lady of Avenel, "from which the spirit had parted so placidly as to leave a smile upon the thin blue lips"—lips so long wasted by decay as to have parted with the last breath of animation without the slightest convulsive tremor.

Nicholas Nickleby, watching poor Smike in the slumber that preceded a deeper slumber that knows no waking, saw the closed eyes open, and a placid smile come on the pale face; for the dying boy's dreams had been tranquilizing, even joyous. Soon the slumberer slumbered again, and again smiled—died smiling.

The bereaved mother in Mrs. Gaskell's "Tale


THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.—[FROM A PAINTING BY J. D. WATSON.]

of Manchester Life," who can not realize her bereavement, would fain persuade herself that her murdered Harry is pretending to be asleep—"Harry is so full of fun"—and playfully defying them all to waken him. "Look! he is smiling now; he hears I have found him out. Look!" And, in truth, the lips, in the rest of death, did look (we read) as though they wore a smile; and the waving light of the unsnuffed candle almost made them seem to move. In the same writer's pathetic story of "Ruth," the last chapter gives us a last look of the dead woman's "beautiful, calm, still face, on which the last rapturous smile still lingered, giving an ineffable look of bright serenity."

Lord Lytton's closing page of the "New Phædo" details the last moments of the dying philosopher. And here is the last of all: "I heard a slight sigh, and, fancying he was awake, I bent over to look into his face. The light from the window came full upon it, and I was struck—appalled, by the exceeding beauty of the smile that rested on the lips. But those lips had fallen from each other." For the life was departed; but the smile remained. So in "Harold" we have the hero gazing intently, lamp in hand, on the countenance of the father he has just lost: "That strange smile of the dead, common alike to innocent and guilty, had already settled on the serene lips;" and the old man seemed sleeping in his prime. In a later fiction from the same pen we have an old man whose life has been smileless, dying with a smile. In yet another we have Burley dying in sleep—calmly, and without a groan; and Leonard closes tenderly the heavy lids; and, as he covers the face, the lips smile a serene farewell. And of the Susan Mainwaring of the same author we read that she "lingered dyingly for three years; and then, for the first time since William's death, she smiled—that smile remained on the face of the corpse." So with poor care-worn Mrs. Sherwin, in Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Basil," when the servant drew the curtain aside to look if her mistress still slept, and saw that her eyes were closed, and that "a lovely, happy smile, such as had never once been seen on that sad face for years and years, was visible on it now."

The dead Catharine Linton of "Wuthering Heights" is pictured with smooth brow, her lids closed, her lips wearing the expression of a smile—betokening the recurrence of her latest thoughts to pleasant early days. Isabel, the Doctor's Wife, has no need of any plainer words to tell her that her husband is dead than Charles Raymond's significant assurance, "I never saw such a smile upon a human face as I saw just now on his." The last glimpse M. Edmond About allows us of Tolla is when the whole town assembles to admire, for the last time, that flower of virtue and beauty. "Her face was calm and smiling; death had effaced all the ravages of disease; Tolla was again, for one day, the prettiest girl of Rome." Like Elaine, in the "Idyls of the King,"

"——and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled."

Or, like Fidele, found by Arviragus within the cave,

"——stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dust, being laugh'd at."

SUCCESSFUL ORATORY.

There is one essential condition of successful oratory, which we are rather apt to overlook in discussing the causes of its rarity, and which, nevertheless, has something to do with the question. That condition is simply that the speaker should believe in what he says. All the proposed methods of teaching elocution and securing a correct style may be very excellent in their way; and nobody can say that we do not feel the want which they recognize. It is painful to see men try to perform on the noblest of musical instruments, their own voices, without trying to understand the methods of rendering them effective. But such methods are not essential, because the greatest successes have been attained without them. If every public speaker was as skillful as Garrick or Lord Chatham in the management of voice and gesture, speeches might still be a weariness to the flesh; and if every one was as clumsy as the poor clergyman stuttering through his first sermon, this oratory might yet be as moving as the clumsy pleading for his life of an innocent man. If speeches are generally dull, we must ask how they are manufactured—whether they are likely to be the utterance of genuine conviction, or an attempt of the speakers to swagger themselves into a conviction.

What are the speeches which really vex our souls, and make us denounce the whole art of rhetoric as an imposition and a bore? There is the kind of speech which may be compared to a dance among eggs, where the performer is naturally anxious not so much to be graceful or vigorous, as to keep clear of producing a sudden smash. We admire the dexterity of his manœuvres; we smile as we see him apparently coming plump down upon some forbidden conclusion, and yet by one dextrous twist at the last moment just saving himself from the apparently inevitable catastrophe. He advances and retreats; and winds in and out, and puts such a bold countenance on his dangers, that we are half-persuaded, for the time, that the movements are spontaneous and natural, and that he is not keeping an eye all the time upon the dangerous topics which it is his real object to avoid. Clever as the feat may be, and completely as it may sometimes take in the initiated, even the uninitiated are dimly conscious of a certain constraint in the performer, which prevents them from catching the desired contagion. No man can speak really well who is not speaking freely, and who is haunted throughout by the dread that his genuine feelings may slip out at some temporary relaxation of his care. Equally painful is that variety of speech which is so often made by an official personage, who has to defend some grievance which, in the days of his independence, he had been the first to attack. Nobody has yet invented a mode of throwing dust in his own eyes and those of his hearers, so as to excite much enthusiasm. Or, again, it may be observed that political converts have generally very poor success in the speech-making business; for conversion is a process which, however creditable to a man's sincerity or his wisdom, has somehow a rather enervating effect on the mind, especially if too often repeated, and, as it were, takes what pugilists call the pepper out of his blows. And, not to go into an endless catalogue of the various depressing diseases to which oratorical flesh is liable, there is nothing more ghastly than the forcible-feeble style, in all its varieties—when a speaker rises, to encourage himself by making a noise, and, if a man of taste, adopts an unnatural solemnity and earnestness; or, if a man of no taste at all, plunges into unmitigated buncombe, or, as it is otherwise called, the "spread-eagle" variety of rhetoric. All these failings are remarkably common, and have a common root in a deficiency of genuine conviction. The speaking wants stamina.

Now, if there is one characteristic of the present day more marked than another, it is that, on the whole, and with certain marked exceptions, we have not any fixed opinions on any subjects much worth talking about. We have a good many sentiments, and a general impression that some time or other we shall know the truth about many questions which at the present moment are in a state of constant dispute. But it is not surprising that while we are passing through a revolution, intellectual and social, the end of which none of us will live to see, we should be in a state of hesitation eminently unfavorable to effective oratory. The ground sounds hollow under our feet, and we don't know which cherished belief will be the next to show symptoms of unsteadiness. Naturally we walk hesitatingly, and with tottering and awkward steps; we can not plant ourselves firmly to deliver a good knock-down blow, unless, indeed, we have the fatal qualification of being stupid enough to be dogmatic. A speaker should for the time feel himself to be infallible; and the few great speakers we have had have been men who, luckily perhaps for themselves, possessed such simple and direct minds that they could see only one side of a question, and ventured to rush boldly on where more comprehensive, if not wiser men, rather feared to tread. That, and no more superficial cause, appears to me to be at the bottom of much of the weakness which we try to cure by teaching correct deportment, and administering other little palliatives, which are calculated to do as much good as giving dancing lessons to a paralytic patient. The evil will not be radically cured till some great impulse fills men with the stirring emotions which enable them to despise a hesitating policy. Doubt is the real disease which cripples our born orators.

DISTANT SOUNDS.

The stories relating to the traveling of the sound of great pieces of artillery are numerous, but, most probably, not all equally worthy of credence. All we can do is to take the statements as they stand, and then to judge them by such fair tests as may offer. The Rev. Hugh Salvin, who published a journal in 1829, states, that when he was chaplain on board his Majesty's ship *Cambridge*, on the South American station, the naval salutes at Chancay were heard at Callao, thirty-five miles distant, although there are several projecting headlands intervening, and although the wind generally blows in the adverse direction in that region. The same writer informs us that when the incident at Callao was mentioned to the lieutenant of his Majesty's store-ship *Arab*, that officer stated that, on one occasion, the evening gun at Plymouth was heard at Ilfracombe, the one place being on the south coast, and the other on the north coast, of Devon; the distance is sixty miles, and there is much intervening hilly country. Whether the lieutenant himself heard the sound, and whether he had the means of knowing for a certainty that it came from Plymouth, we are not told.

During the first three days of June, 1666, the English and Dutch fleets were in action in the German Ocean, between the Naze and the North Foreland. The sound of the firing was heard both at Cambridge and in London. We have this on the authority of Cooper's Annals of Cambridge in the one case, and Pepys's Diary in the other. But there is a much more remarkable anecdote told by Cooper, connecting Sir Isaac Newton with the affair, and revived by Mr. Walter White in his Eastern England. "There is a tradition at Cambridge, that at the beginning of June, 1666, the year in which he began his optical discoveries, Newton, then a Bachelor of Arts, went into the hall of Trinity College, and mentioned to some of the Fellows that a battle was being fought between the Dutch and the English, and that the latter had the worst of it. The Fellows requesting him to explain how he came by his knowledge, he answered that, being in the observatory (then over the gateway of the college), he heard the report of a great firing of cannon, such as could only be between two great fleets; and that, as the sound grew louder and louder, he concluded that they drew near our coasts, and, consequently, that we had the worst of it—which the event verified."

When an insurrection took place at Messina we are told that the sound of the guns was heard at Syracuse; these two Sicilian towns are about eighty miles apart, the straight line joining them keeping pretty near the coast. When the French bombarded Genoa the sound is said to have been heard at Leghorn; this, if correct, denotes a journey of ninety miles across the blue waters of the Gulf of Genoa.

Some very curious discussions have taken place concerning the sound of the guns fired at the battle of Waterloo. Sir Emerson Tennent reports a conversation which he had on this subject with the late Sir Edmund Head. Sir Edmund, when a boy of nine or ten years old, was going to church on Sunday morning, June the 18th, 1815; his father held him by the hand, and the two were walking to Hythe Church in Kent. To their surprise they found the congregation standing outside the church door, although it was eleven o'clock, and service was commencing within. They were anxiously listening to the faint reverberation of cannon which came from the east. It became afterward known that the clock of the church of Nivelles struck eleven as the first gun was fired from the French centre at Waterloo on that day; and it was a fair inference that the sound heard at Hythe proceeded from those guns, although the distance can hardly be less than a hundred and ten miles. It was afterward urged in objection that, according to one account, the battle did not begin till half past eleven; but to this there was a rejoinder that, if the clock near the field of Waterloo kept Brussels time, and that at Hythe kept Greenwich time, or even Hythe time, the difference of longitude would go far to fill up this gap. Hythe was not the only place in the southeast of England where, it is believed, the noise of the Waterloo guns was heard. On the afternoon of that eventful Sunday a gentleman residing at Walmer was walking in his garden, when his attention was arrested by a delicate convulsive movement of the sandy soil as if it were being invisibly shaken. He called the attention of his old gardener to this circumstance, who replied, "Then, Sir, there's firing going on t'other side; I have seen this afore when there has been fighting." It is not recorded that an actual sound was heard on this occasion; but this kind of earth-trembling is quite within the scope of such phenomena. Some difficulty arises in understanding these matters when it is asserted that the sound of the same guns was *not* heard by General Colville's force guarding the Mons road at a distance of not more than a dozen miles from Waterloo. Men of science, however, are conversant with the fact that different layers or strata of atmosphere, hovering over a particular spot, may, in hot weather, have different degrees of density and moisture, affecting unequally their power of conveying sonorous vibrations to a distance. Nevertheless, the facts ought to be stated honestly, whether they seem to tell for or against any particular theory. Not only in Kent, but further north, was the same belief held. Some of the inhabitants at Sizewell Gap, near Aldborough, in Suffolk, heard sounds at the very time of the battle, which seemed to them to come from the German Ocean.

As to meteorological and volcanic phenomena, which lie beyond the limit of man's control, it is scarcely possible to guess the maximum distance to which sounds will penetrate. When the meteor or fire-ball of 1719 burst in the air, at a height of nearly seventy miles above the earth's surface, it sounded like a large cannon, or even—as some said—a broadside. When the great meteor of 1783, half a mile in diameter, rushed along with a speed of twenty miles a second, and at a height of fifty miles, it gave out a sort of hissing, rumbling sound. These distances may not appear very great; but we must bear in mind that at such high altitudes the atmosphere is of extraordinary tenuity, little fitted to convey any sonorous impulses whatever. Geologists and physical geographers have placed upon record the fact that, in 1815, the Tomboro Mountain, in the island of Sumbawa, was in a state of volcanic activity from April to July; and that on one particular day the noise of the frightful convulsion was heard as far off as Ternate, seven hundred miles, and even at Sumatra, nine hundred miles distant in the opposite direction. According to the account given by Sir Stamford Raffles this must have been one of the most terrible volcanic eruptions on record. Of twelve thousand persons living on the island all were destroyed except a mere handful. Hurricanes arose which carried up into the air men and horses as well as trees uprooted from the ground. Lava ashes fell in such prodigious abundance as to darken the air two or three hundred miles off, and to form a bed in the sea two feet thick and several miles wide, which produced a shoal on the west side of Sumatra. In Java these ashes produced a darkness more intense than that of night. The sea rose suddenly on the coast of Sumbawa from two to twelve feet, causing a wave which rushed violently up all the rivers, and placed the town of Tomboro under water. So far as we are aware, this distance is the greatest at which sound has ever been heard.

THE MENDICANT ORDERS.

The idea of the mendicant orders originated in the head of Johan Bernardoni, the good-for-nothing son of a shop-keeper in Assisi, in Umbria. He is known under the name of St. Francis of Assisi, or the "seraphic father." Not doing well in his father's business he became a soldier, and was taken prisoner, and fell sick. It is not clear how he became a saint, for at first he appeared to be an idiot; of whom the infallible Pope Honorius himself said, "that he was a simpleton." He kept the lowest company, wore the most filthy rags, and piously robbed his father to get means for the restoration of a ruined Church. However, the Bishop of Assisi took the simpleton under his protection, and he went about the country begging for his Church, with such unexpected success that he conceived the idea of instituting a mendicant order. Though Pope Honorius despised him, Innocent III., equally infallible, confirmed the code which Francis drew up for his new order, notwithstanding his Infallibility's having called it, at first, "a rule for pigs, but not for human beings."

"Alms," Francis declared, "are our heritage, alms are our justice, begging is our purpose and our royal dignity; ignominy and contempt are our honor and our glory on the day of judgment." Francis was the best example of humility. In the commencement he was very much laughed at; but after three or four years the reputation of his sanctity stood so high that the clergy and people came to meet him in procession when he approached a city, and the bells of all the churches welcomed him. The more the street boys teased him, or pelted him with mud, the better he was pleased. When he went about begging in Assisi he put every thing eatable that he received into the same pot, and when he became hungry he fed from the heterogeneous mess. Once, invited to dinner by a cardinal, he did not touch any of the dainty dishes, but stuck to his pot, to the disgust of all the guests. He loved the lower animals very much, and called them his brothers and sisters. He frequently preached to geese, ducks, and hens; and when once the swallows and sparrows disturbed him by their twittering, he asked his "dear sisters" to keep quiet. For recreation, he rolled himself on thorns, went up to the neck in freezing ponds, and slept in the snow. He died in 1226; but during his life the number of Franciscan monks was very great, and after his death increased like the sands on the sea-shore. The Franciscan General offered Pope Pius III. an army of forty thousand Franciscans for the war against the Turks. Though a great many convents were destroyed by the Reformation, there were still existing, at the beginning of the last century, seven thousand monasteries and nine hundred nunneries of this order.

The sworn enemies of the Franciscans were the Dominicans, whose origin dates from about the same time. They are named after St. Dominicus, a Spaniard, whose name was Dominicus Guzman. He was sent to France to convert some heretics (the Waldenses), and there conceived the idea of instituting a monks' order for the instruction of the people. He received permission from the Pope; and to this order the Romish Church owes the introduction of the Inquisition and the censorship of books.

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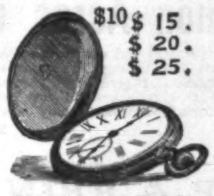

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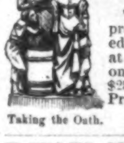

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